Photo *Kathleen Grant.*

Fair face,
'Tis difficult to think
Thy grace
Is only printer's ink.

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By permission of The Berlin Photographic Co., 133 New Bond Street, London, W.C.

"A FAVOUR."

From the Painting by E. Blair Leighton.

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FROM · THE · STALLS

Photo *Lafayette.*

LILLIE LANGTRY.

"The Jersey Lily."

Mrs. Langtry, now Lady de Bathe, is the daughter of the Ven. Dean Le Breton, of Jersey.

Her family has been a power in the island since the eighth century, as ancient pictures and tapestries abundantly prove.

In the well-known painting, "The Battle of Jersey," the leading figure, urging the troops on to fight, is her great-great-uncle; the flying figure of a woman represents her great-grandmother holding in her arms the grandfather of the present Lady de Bathe.

She was the only girl of a family of seven, and many were the boyish escapades into which her six brothers enticed her.

"They did their best to make a man of me," she says. But the result was to make her one of the most attractive as well as one of the most beautiful women of her time.

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Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

HARRY FRAGSON.

France's Darling.

Harry Fragson, the darling of Drury Lane audiences, is in reality Harry Polt, a native of London, and not a son of France, as many still suppose.

Instead of attending to his duties in his father's yeast warehouse, Harry preferred the atmosphere of music-halls, and chancing to hear Paulus, the French singer, he was overwhelmed with a desire to sing the same songs.

No English manager would engage him, so he took the bold step of migrating to France, though he was unknown to a soul in that country and could hardly speak a word of the language.

From the first he hugely amused the Parisians, but for a long time he had to sing on the Boulevards at starvation rates.

For many years, however, he has been their most prosperous and successful star. Two hundred French songs of his own composition have sold in their hundreds of thousands of copies.

His return to this country has proved France's loss and England's gain.

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Photo Langfier Ltd., 25a, Bond Street.

PRINCESS ESTELLE DE BROGLIE.

An Exalted Music-hall Artiste.

Prince Robert de Broglie, a scion of a noble and wealthy family of France, has given up an immediate allowance of £12,000 a year, and his share of much greater wealth on the death of his father, for love of a Californian girl.

Both he and his wife have performed at the Tivoli, the Princess as contralto singer, and the Prince as conductor of the orchestra.

Although in sympathy with the strikers during the music-hall war, they declined to join them.

They have one very pretty little girl, whom they both adore.

The other day, Prince Robert's father sent over a nobleman to make a last appeal to his son to give up his wife and child. The errand was a fruitless one.

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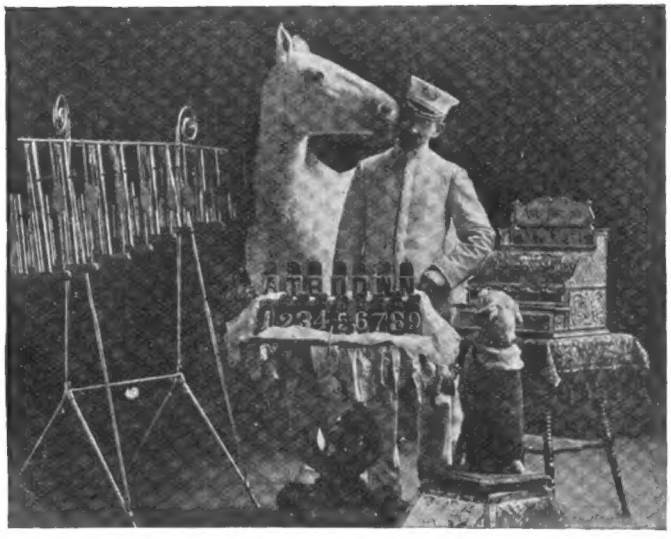

"PRINCESS TRIXIE,"

Who Can Spell and Give Change.

Hundreds of letters of sympathy were received by "Princess Trixie," or, rather, by Mr. Barnes, her master, when it was known that the beautiful creature was suffering from pneumonia.

Her audiences have always been as much enchanted by the animal's lovable disposition as they have been dumfounded by the extraordinary things she can do. Everyone who saw her will be glad to know that she recovered rapidly from her illness.

"Princess Trixie" proved as great a mystery as the Zancigs.

She can take out the correct change from a cash register for any sum you like to name, spell out words from a basket of letter blocks, tell the colour of the wraps ladies are wearing in the audience, and finally bow and sweetly smile her acknowledgments of the inevitable applause.

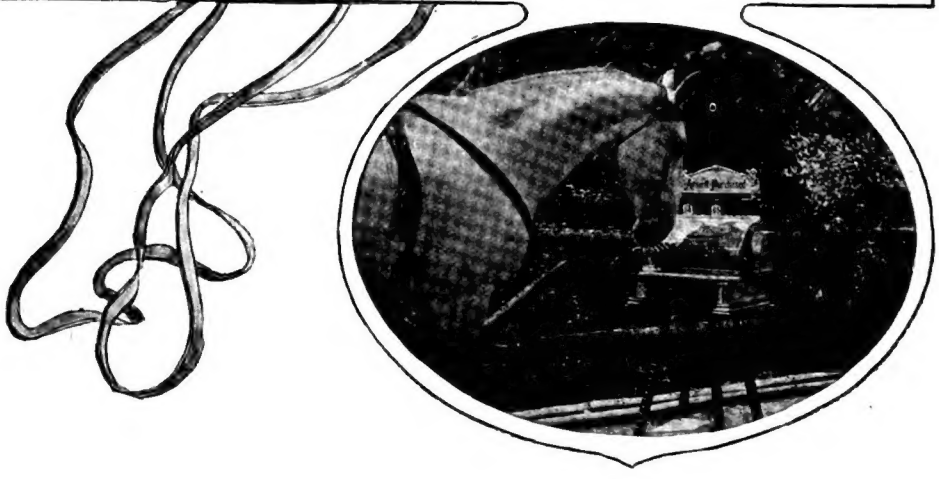

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Photo Bassano

LILY ELSIE,

Who Adorns the Musical Comedy Stage.

"I am little Miss Nobody from nowhere at all," sang Miss Lily Elsie in "The Little Michus," and though the description may have fitted her at that time, it does so no longer.

For Miss Elsie has since made quite a name for herself in "The New Aladdin," and no one can call her "nobody" now.

She preceded Miss Gertie Millar in the part of Lally, the sprightly young nephew of Old Ebenezer, the Bond Street curiosity dealer. She gave a male impersonation that was marked by unusual delicacy and refinement of style.

Miss Elsie declares that she feels no need of recreation; life always seems to go on so calmly and pleasantly for her.

Evidently she is that rare thing: a pretty girl and a philosopher rolled into one. One cannot do more than enjoy oneself, and recreations are often but feeble props.

Is not that what you mean to say, Miss Elsie?

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Photo *Bassano.*

LILY BRAYTON.

A Beautiful Tragedienne.

One night not long ago, when returning home from the Adelphi, where she had been playing, Miss Lily Brayton had an extremely alarming experience. A hansom cab collided with her brougham, the shaft entered the window, and the broken glass cut her severely about the head and face. No permanent disfigurement resulted, but Miss Brayton was disabled for a considerable time.

She had another narrow escape at the seaside. After swimming a distance of three miles she met with a dangerous current, against which she struggled in vain. Her strength was all but exhausted, when she struck up against a buoy. She clung to this refuge until she felt able to swim to the shore.

Again the deadly current seized her; but just when she was on the point of sinking, a yacht came by and snatched her from a watery grave.

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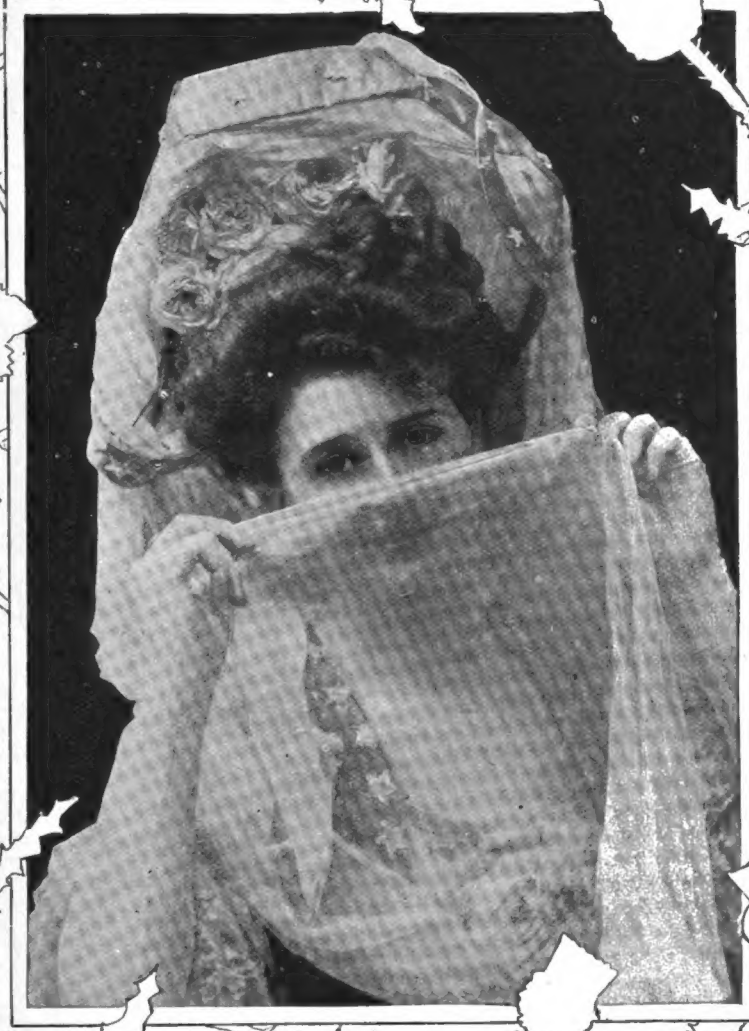

Plate Dover Street Studios.

JEAN ALWYN

A Sweet Scotch Lassie.

Miss Jean Alwyn, who appeared as Jennie, a Scottish maid, in "The New Aladdin," is a sweet girl from beyond the Tweed.

"To tell the truth," she says, "my natural accent can be cut with a knife."

Never mind, Miss Alwyn, a brogue is an added charm to a pretty girl!

While living in Glasgow Miss Alwyn witnessed a performance of "The Light that Failed," played by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott.

Fired with an ambition to go on the stage herself, she wrote to Miss Elliott, who kindly gave her a letter to Mr. Dion Boucicault in London.

Through struck with the stage possibilities of her rich voice, he was just then unable to give her a part.

Now she has got one Mr. Harry Lauder had better look to his laurels.

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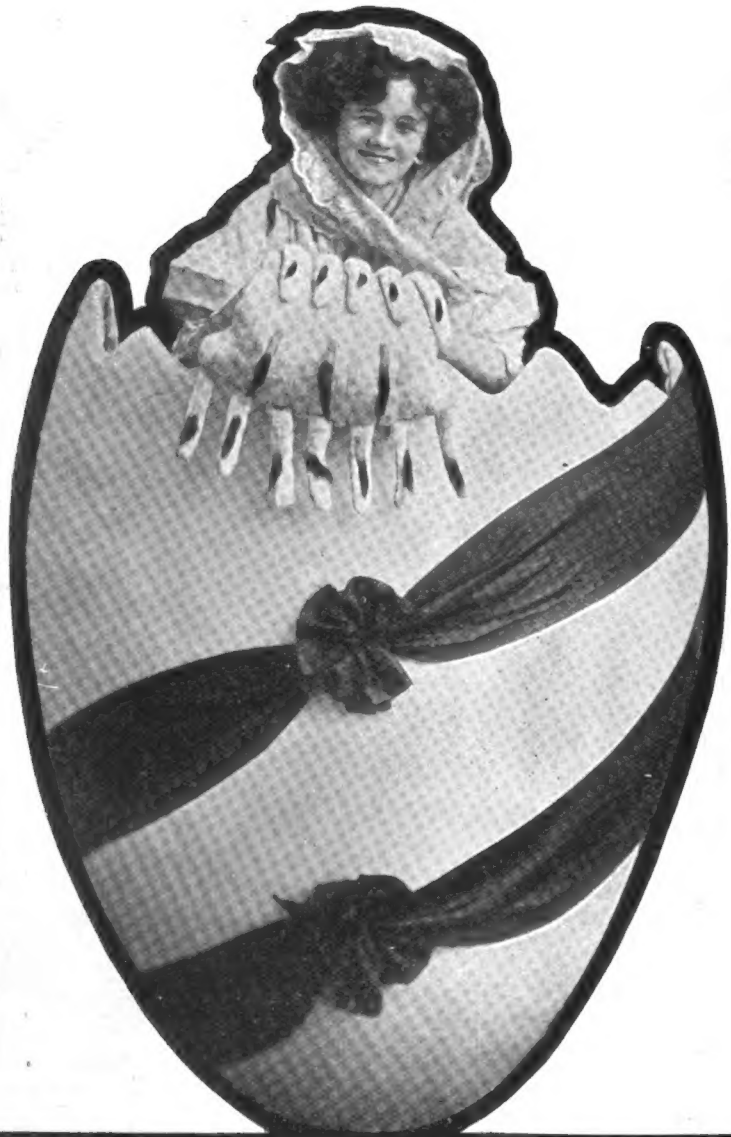

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

GERTIE MILLAR.

A Dainty Yorkshire Beauty.

The stairway to the stage is proverbially steep, and this was Miss Gertie Millar's early experience.

At first she suffered so many discouragements that it is a wonder the mind of the young girl did not receive quite a pessimistic twist.

Prosperity is all the sweeter, however, when it comes, and since her success in "The Toreador" several years ago Miss Gertie Millar has been as prosperous as her heart could wish.

Bradford is her native town, and when she chooses she can show she has not forgotten her native dialect.

Her beauty, too, is very typical of Yorkshire, and she is very clever with the clogs.

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THE QUESTS of PAUL BECK.

No. II.—TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.

This is the Second Story of our Splendid New Detective Series, Telling How Mr. Beck again Solves a Seemingly Insoluble Mystery.

It was written in a neat, feminine hand that contrasted strangely with its purpose; not a letter out of place, not a comma missed, not an "i" undotted or a "t" uncrossed. Mr. Beck read the note for the third time with a frown of perplexity on his good-humoured face.

Dear Sir—it ran—I feel I have no right whatever to trouble you, and cannot complain if you throw my letter aside. But from what I have heard and read about you it seems just possible that you will help, and the chance, however remote, is worth taking. There has been a terrible murder here. Squire Ackland has been shot through the heart. His nephew, Mr. Richard Ackland, was found guilty of murder at the Coroner's inquest to-day, and everyone says the evidence was conclusive. But the Rev. Archdeacon Greaves believes him innocent, and he has had the best opportunity of judging. I am sure he would be anxious that the matter should be placed in your hands. But I have not told him I am writing, lest you should refuse.

Yours faithfully,
Alice Dale.

P.S.—The railway station is Woodland, on the Great Southern Line. The rectory is a mile and a half from the station. I have no money to pay you.

"Now what does it all mean?" pondered Mr. Beck. "The girl wants me down on her own account. She has some strong interest in Mr. Richard Ackland. What is it—for or against? Who is she, anyway, and where does the parson come in? She must be a remarkable girl who could write so precisely on such a subject. A wonderfully cool card! and she has written just the letter that would bring any man down."

The direction on the letter was a hamlet, half town, half village, in a remote part of Gloucestershire. For reasons that will be appreciated, it is better not to be too precise about name or locality.

Mr. Beck sent a wire: "Down by next train, arrive two"—and went on deliberately with his substantial breakfast, pausing every now and then for another look at the letter, pulling the tangle about in his mind to loosen the knots.

"What's her little game, I wonder? Clergyman doesn't know she was sending for me. Did she want him to know? Was she afraid he'd stop her if he got the chance? He believes in the young man's innocence. She says nothing about herself. Does she want the young man cleared or hanged? Did love or spite make her send that letter? Well, I'll know that when I go down—a girl cannot keep a secret."

The railway station was a rural cottage at the end of a short branch line, which had stopped disheartened about a mile and a half outside the village. Mr. Beck left his bag at the station with the stout, good-humoured, elderly man that was a compromise between porter and station-master. He walked to the village through a deep lane carpeted at the borders with wild flowers, and fenced with high green walls of hawthorn sprayed with white blossoms, and alive with the chirping and flutter of birds.

A quarter of a mile from the village he passed by the girls' school, a red-tiled and narrow-windowed cottage, smothered in creepers and built on the verge of a clear, shallow stream. A murmur of fresh, young voices poured out through the open window into the spring air, to mingle with the

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babbling of the brook, and the bird-songs. A little further the ground, steeply sloping, lifted him over the red-roofed village which nestled in the valley. The pointed spire of the village church sprang up through the trees sharp and clear in the pure air. To the right the gables and turrets of a red-brick Elizabethan building showed over the billowy woods.

Mr. Beck felt the tranquillising beauty of the scene keenly, though he would have found it hard to put his feelings in words.

"Rum scene for a murder," was his prosaic comment as he strode on in the direction of the church, rightly guessing he would find the vicarage in its shadow.

If he doubted his welcome there, the doubt was quickly removed. The vicar met him at the gate that led, through a shaven lawn dotted with lilacs, laburnum, and standard rose bushes, to the vicarage—a delightful, old-fashioned place made up chiefly of gables and bow windows.

Just for one moment a look of surprise flitted over the vicar's handsome face as he caught sight of the genial, innocent-looking visitor, so different from what he expected.

"I have the pleasure of meeting——?" He hesitated.

"Mr. Beck," responded the other. "Don't look much like a detective, do I? But I'm lucky sometimes, and it's better to be lucky than clever."

The vicar shook his hand heartily.

"My dear sir, I'm charmed to meet you. I've heard of you, of course—who has not heard of Mr. Beck? I was delighted when Miss Dale told me she had written to you and brought me your telegram to say you were coming down. Sad affair this, Mr. Beck—so sudden and so mysterious!"

"Not much mystery," said Mr. Beck, "if we are to judge by Miss Dale's account. The jury found the case clear."

"I trust you will reserve your judgment, my dear sir. You mustn't judge wholly by the bald facts; you must know the people as well; but I am forgetting my hospitality; lunch is waiting."

From the first moment he laid eyes on that handsome, intellectual face, Mr. Beck knew that he had seen the vicar before. But they had passed from the soup to the cutlets in a pleasant little *tête-à-tête* luncheon before his memory found the man. Perhaps the quaint Indian trophies in the low-panelled room, grotesque idols, wrought brass and silver filigree, helped his memory.

"If I mistake not," he said, "I have the honour of lunching with the Rev. Ernest Greaves, the famous Indian missionary?"

Mr. Greaves was plainly pleased with the recognition, though he waved away the praise with a deprecatory, white hand.

"I heard you speak in London, sir, on your return from the massacre. I," Mr. Beck went on smoothly, "was never so impressed with anything in my life. I had a word afterwards with the woman whose life you saved. I am honoured to meet you again, Mr. Greaves, but I certainly never hoped to encounter you in a quiet Gloucestershire vicarage."

"Lord Ripondale is responsible for that," said Mr. Greaves; "we will drink his health, if you don't mind; you'll find this Madeira tolerable. I have never set eyes on him to this hour, but he wrote to me to say that he 'liked a priest with pluck,' and offered me the living—eight hundred a year and a charming residence, as you see. The contrast is curious from the hourly perils of India. I have been here now for nearly two years, and there hasn't been a ripple of excitement on the current of our daily lives until this lamentable affair."

"Was it far from here the thing happened?"

"A couple of miles. If you have quite finished your lunch, Mr. Beck, we might visit together the scene of the tragedy. We can talk as we walk and smoke if you care to."

Mr. Beck declined the vicar's offer of a cigar. He took a stumpy briar-root pipe from his pocket and charged it with his own special mixture. The vicar talked as they walked, and Mr. Beck smoked and listened in stolid silence.

The detective noticed that the vicar walked a little lame and leant on a thick malacca cane with a curved ivory handle. "An arrow in the foot," he explained, "and poisoned at that. One of the converts sucked the wound and died of the venom. The foot still aches a little at odd times, and I never stir out without a stick if I can help it."

Though the scene of the murder was only two miles from the vicarage, by the time they had got there Mr. Beck knew all the vicar had to tell of the tragedy and the actors in it.

Squire Ackland, he learnt, was a middle-aged bachelor whose reputation was none of the best—a man of domineering character, with the characteristic vices and virtues of the aristocrat. He was overbearing, reckless of other people's rights or wishes, harsh to the verge of cruelty if thwarted.

On the other hand, he was courageous,

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generous when pleased, and brutally candid. He specially prided himself on his truthfulness. "I never funked a danger or broke a promise, for good or ill," he had once boasted. But, as a rule, he was not given to boasting. He was unpopular in the neighbourhood, for he had scant regard for man's honour or woman's virtue, and he always carried a revolver, which he could use on occasion with deadly skill.

His nephew and heir, Richard Ackland, if the vicar was not prejudiced in his favour, was a vast improvement on the uncle, whom still in many ways he resembled. He, too, was of a domineering spirit, but he was neither selfish nor cruel, and was specially chivalrous to women.

In courage and candour he rivalled his uncle. Indeed, his recklessness was a proverb. No sport attracted him that had not danger in it. He was generally known as "Dare Devil Dick."

"A conflict between two such men," the vicar said, "was bound to be violent; for the occasion and result of that quarrel I am in some degree responsible."

"For the murder?" queried Mr. Beck imperturbably.

"Well, remotely, if we can call it a murder. I am responsible for bringing those two imperious, fiery-tempered men into violent conflict. Some months ago there was a vacancy in the position of village schoolmistress. The matter was left in my hands. I engaged a young girl whose mother I had once known. The girl was a lady by birth, but had fallen into straitened circumstances, and was glad to take the position. The fact that I happened to be vicar of the parish was, I may say, an inducement, for her mother, when dying, had commended her to my care. I had never even seen the girl at the time, but I felt for her as a father might.

"These details may seem irrelevant, Mr. Beck," the vicar interrupted himself, "but you will find they have a bearing on the problem you have to solve. I will say nothing about the appearance of the young girl, Alice Dale. You will have an opportunity of judging for yourself. But I may say that, in my judgment, she is one of the sweetest and purest of women, incapable of evil. I fear I weary you by my prosiness; I suppose it's the way with us parsons, but I will try to get to the end.

"Before the girl was a week here it chanced that both the uncle and nephew met her, and both fell desperately in love, but in a very different fashion. The nephew, headstrong and passionate as ever, wooed her like a gentleman to be his wife, but I understand —that is, I believe—got scant encouragement.

"The uncle—but I need not go into details. You will understand. It is hard to have to say harsh things of the dead, but he was a reprobate who scoffed alike at religion and at the virtue of women. Alice Dale was young and guileless; she scarcely knew his meaning when he spoke to her. But the warning instinct of virtue protected her.

"Something of his uncle's vile pursuit of the girl came, however, to the ears of the nephew. There was a stormy interview between the two. Both told me of it afterwards, and strangely enough their version was the same. The uncle made no secret of his purpose. The young man was furious with the elder, and raged and threatened to no purpose.

"'You young fool,' was the cynical, savage answer to all his protests, 'cannot you see it is to your interest I shouldn't marry! Lucky for you I don't want to. Go get a wife for yourself if you choose. I'll double your allowance; I'll treble it when you marry. But you must leave this young schoolmistress to me. You've got to stand out of my way, young man, or I'll cut you off with a shilling. Then, if you please, ask the girl to marry you, and live together on your debts.'

"The young man turned pale—'the colour of a corpse, egad!' the uncle told me afterwards, 'and swore he would have my life if I hurt a hair of her head. Well, I don't want to hurt a hair of her head, so that's all right. I told him—eh, parson, I don't want to shock your reverence, so you had best wink the other eye if you find your schoolmistress and myself philandering.'

"Now comes the exciting part of the story."

Mr. Beck's face was as inscrutable as ever.

"Yesterday as I was strolling through this wood—a favourite walk of mine—thinking out next Sunday's sermon, I came suddenly on the squire, sitting on that fallen tree yonder, smoking. I was passing with a curt 'good day,' when suddenly the thought flashed upon me what he was waiting for. Alice Dale used to pass that way every afternoon from the school to the cottage in the village where she lodged. He waited to meet her alone. I was determined he should not have the chance.

"'By the way, squire,' I said, as politely as I could manage, 'there is a matter I want to

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consult you about. Your tenant Giles Cossing is down with fever, and I heard to-day when I called that two of his children have caught it. I understand that he is behindhand with his rent. Now I am quite sure that, knowing the circumstances, you——'

"'All right, parson,' he broke in rudely. 'Talk to me about it some other time. Confound it, man! don't you see I'm busy, and I don't want to be disturbed?'

"But I was not to be turned from my purpose. I affected to take his words as a jest.

"'Very well,' I replied lightly, 'I won't disturb you while you are so busy. It is a pleasant spot for a quiet smoke. I'll try a cigar myself, and when you have finished your business you'll let me have a word with you about Giles Cossing.'

"I found a seat at the further end of the fallen tree, and lit a cigar. He growled out a curse between his teeth, and glared at me like a wild beast. For a moment I thought he would strike me, but I carried this heavy stick, and I was not in the least afraid. For ten minutes we sat and smoked in silence. Then he gave in. 'Say what you've got to say quick, and go.'

"'I'm afraid it will take some time,' I said. He was quick to understand.

"'So that's the reason,' he snapped out.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I mean to wait here till she comes, and walk with her to her lodgings.'

"'Aha, parson!' he cried with a laugh like a snarl, 'is that the way of it! Have you a sweet tooth, too, like the rest of us?'

"I confess I almost lost my temper then; my grip tightened on my stick, but a missionary, Mr. Beck, learns self-control.

"'She is coming,' I said, for I heard a distant step in the wood. He got up slowly and knocked the ashes from his pipe, rapping the edge viciously against the rough bark of the fallen tree. His face wore an ugly smile. I saw he had some plan in his mind—what it was I shall never know.

"A moment later I knew it was not Alice Dale's step I heard. It was too heavy and too hasty. At the same moment, I read in his eyes that the squire knew who was coming.

"Young Richard Ackland broke through the trees into the opening. He was in a furious rage, beside himself with passion, and glared at his uncle, who mocked him with a smile of utter contempt. I could see the young fellow was as mad as a dog that strains on his chain. He caught sight of me as I stood a few yards apart from the squire.

"'I'm very glad to see you here, Mr. Greaves. I want a witness to all that passes between this man and myself. He has offered the vilest insults to Miss Dale. I cannot repeat what he has said to her.'

"'Don't worry, old chap,' chimed in the squire, 'parson knows.'

"'And he still associates with you?'

"'Well, I would not call it association exactly. He insisted on staying here in spite of me. He wanted to play the watch-dog to gentle Alice.'

"'You were here lying in wait for Miss Dale?'

"'A love tryst,' laughed the squire. 'Don't be so jealous, young man. Age before honesty—you know the proverb. Your turn may come afterwards.'

"At that Dare Devil Dick whipped a revolver from his pocket. 'You're jesting with death,' he said. 'I mean to protect Alice Dale though it cost your life and mine. Give me your word you will never speak to her again.'

The squire's mood changed instantly to black, bitter anger.

"'Drop that foolery,' he cried harshly; 'you ought to know the man you have to deal with. Put up that pistol and get out of my sight.'

"For answer Dick levelled the revolver. I stepped between the two men. They were not five paces apart. 'Put up the pistol, Dick,' I said, 'there is nothing to be gained by violence.' I came close to him to take the weapon from his hand.

"Under his breath he said: 'It is not loaded,' and louder, that the squire might hear, he ordered me to stand aside.

"I was fool enough to appeal to the squire. 'Let the girl alone,' I said, 'she is very young and innocent. Let her be.'

"He flamed into sudden anger. 'You whining sneak,' he cried, 'I believe you want the girl for yourself,' and he struck me with his open hand across the face.

"Dick spoke again. 'Your answer,' he shouted. 'Promise never to see the girl again, or take the consequences.'

"'You young fool,' growled the squire fiercely, 'do you think I'm to be frightened by these schoolboy tricks!'

"Crack!

"The revolver shot rang out sharp and harsh through the silent woods. The squire clapped his hand to his side, reeled a little like a drunkard that tries to keep his balance,

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and fell. I had barely time to drop my stick, catch him in my arms, and so let him slide down to the sward, where he lay prone and still.

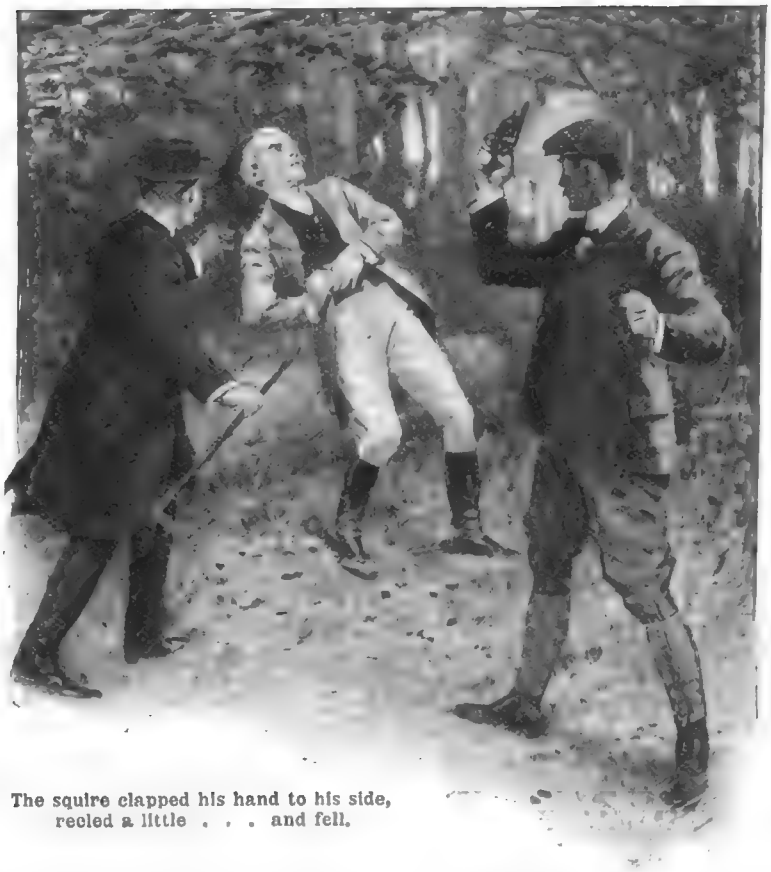
"Dick Ackland, with the revolver, from which curled a ringlet of smoke, dangling loosely by his side, stood gazing with wild eyes—a very statue of bewilderment.

"'But the pistol was not loaded,' he muttered, speaking, it would seem, to himself more than to me; 'I took the bullet from the cartridge myself.'

"'It may be a fit of some kind,' I answered.

"'I will fetch a doctor.'

"Before he could move a foot there was a glimmer of colour on the shady path, and Alice Dale appeared. She stood still, her eyes questioning us; they seemed to search our hearts. When you have seen her you will understand.



The squire clapped his hand to his side, reeled a little . . . and fell.

"'I fear he is dead,' groaned poor Dick, constrained to answer her questioning eyes.

"'And you?'

"Then she saw the revolver lying in his hand and guessed. She gasped like one hurt to death. All the colour ebbed swiftly from her face; she swayed and fell forward in a dead faint, yet not so suddenly but Dick caught her in his arms.

"'Look to her, Dick,' I said. 'It is only a faint—the sudden shock; a little water from the brook will revive her. I will bring Dr. Hampden. There is a short cut through the woods.'

"I don't think, Mr. Beck, lame man ever covered rough ground quicker. I had to climb the demesne wall at the end of my run. You shall see the path presently if you care to."

"I would like to see the young lady first," said Mr. Beck.

He had been poking about in the short, mossy turf like a golfer in search of a lost ball. It was an instinct of Mr. Beck's to poke about. The gleam of bright metal caught his eye. He picked up something and held it out for inspection to the vicar, who eyed it curiously.

"It looks like the lid of a small brass box," he said tentatively.

It *was* like the lid of a very small circular brass box, of less diameter than a farthing, but much thicker, and fitted with a screw.

Mr. Beck held it in the palm of his broad hand, turning it over and over inquisitively with a strong, thick fore-finger, as if he questioned its use.

"I never saw a box so small," he said, "except a pasteboard pill-box. I wonder who had it here, and for what purpose?"

The question was addressed rather to himself than to the vicar. Anyway, the vicar made no answer.

Mr. Beck dropped the little disc of brass into his waistcoat pocket.

"Shall we call on the young lady now,"

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he said briskly, "and find what she has to say for herself?"

"She is at the school," answered the vicar. "She insisted on going on with her work, though she is terribly cut up by this tragedy, poor child!"

"Naturally," said Mr. Beck. "Let us go to the school and see the young lady."

The walk led them through shady woodland ways to the school which Mr. Beck had seen in the morning hard by the banks of a clear, swift-flowing stream. The birds piped in the overhanging boughs, the sunbeams danced on the ripples of the stream, and made a shifting network of gold on the sandy bottom. There was a grim incongruity between the peaceful rural scene and the tragedy they had come to investigate.

"If you will wait here," said the vicar, "I will call the girl to you. She can give the school in charge of her assistant for a few minutes."

Presently she came towards him where he stood at the fringe of the wood, a slim, girlish figure, bare-headed, and clad in a close-fitting, black gown, with white at the neck and wrists. The sun was in her eyes, and she walked with downcast lids.

Mr. Beck was surprised. It was the face of a schoolgirl, pretty, with the commonplace prettiness of soft brown hair and pink and white complexion; not in the least the girl he had expected to see; not in the least the girl he would have thought likely to kindle the flame of hot passion in the hearts of two such headstrong men as the vicar had described.

"This is Mr. Beck," the vicar said, and she looked him straight in the eyes.

Then he understood. This was no ordinary woman. Never in his life had he seen such wonderful, such beautiful eyes. The colour was the pure, deep blue of the violet; the light was clear and bright as the sapphire. But violet or sapphire are trite, meaningless by comparison. It was not the colour nor the light that made her eyes so wonderful. It was the life, the thought, the soul of a woman that shone through from their clear depths. Even the stolid Mr. Beck lost his self-possession under her gaze.

The girl spoke first.

"It was very good of you to come," she said. "I hope you may be able to help the innocent. Richard Ackland is quite innocent."

"How do you know that?" Mr. Beck asked.

Her eyes answered before she spoke.

"He told me so. Of course, I knew before he told me, but I was glad to have his word."

"Well," said Mr. Beck, "we'll assume his innocence. That's all right for us, but, you see, we have got to prove it to others. I'll find that task easier when I know all the facts."

"Where shall I begin?"

"As near the beginning as you can, Miss Dale."

"A little while after I came here the elder Mr. Ackland said things to me which"—the fair cheeks flushed, and the colour darkened in those wonderful blue eyes with anger or pain.

Mr. Beck saw her trouble and briskly interposed: "Never mind about him—tell me about the younger man."

"Later," she said simply, "he asked me to be his wife. I refused him. I feared it would make trouble. But to-day, when I saw him in the police-station for a moment, I promised"

"If," began the vicar fumblingly.

She caught his meaning in an instant.

"If he wins through this horrible trouble," she said quietly; "if not, I shall never marry."

All this was said very quietly, in a sweet, even voice. Only the girl's frank eyes told how intense was the pain she suffered.

"I don't want to worry you more than I can help," said Mr. Beck compassionately; "just a word as to what happened yesterday. You fainted, I believe, Miss Dale."

"Only for a second; I recovered instantly."

"You thought at first that Mr. Richard Ackland had shot his uncle?"

Hot anger kindled in the blue eyes.

"Never, never for a moment. How dare you say so! I was frightened, that was all. I saw a man lie bleeding—a wicked man, a man I hated, I won't deny it. But I was shocked all the same and wanted to save him. I studied nursing before I came here. I thought he was still alive. I tried to bind up his wound; it looked no more than a pin prick, with one or two drops of blood oozing from it. I sent Mr. Richard Ackland to fetch water. In the squire's coat pocket I found a revolver. I must have accidently meddled with the trigger some way, for the thing went off.

"I forgot to say I heard the report when I was just climbing the demesne wall," said the vicar.

"The noise," the girl went on, "brought Richard running back to me. The squire

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was then quite dead, and we stayed together till the doctor came back with Mr. Greaves. A short time afterwards the police appeared. That is all I know. Can you save him?" The blue eyes were full of a piteous intreaty.

"I hope so," Mr. Beck answered a little huskily. Beauty in distress always moved him.

With a queer little, old-fashioned curtsey to the vicar and to the detective, but without a word more to either, the girl went back across the sunlit sward to her school.

"If you are not tired," said Mr. Beck, "I would like to have a word with the police."

"I'm never tired," the vicar answered, "when there is work to be done; and the police-station is only a quarter of a mile away."

Sergeant Coleman knew Mr. Beck by name and reputation. He had a brother, he said, who had been in a case with Mr. Beck, and he was as proud of it as Lord Dundreary was of the brother who played the German flute. He regarded the detective with the profound veneration of the small boy for the head of the school.

Mr. Beck took the good man's manifest worship with modest unconcern. The corpse lay in the guard-room. A hard, handsome face—the face of one of the wicked old Roman Emperors carved in grey marble.

In another room the nephew, Richard Ackland, was held for the murder. Mr. Beck managed to get an unobserved peep through the window. The young fellow sat bolt upright, with eyes half closed and the handsome face rigid.

"Looks like a caged hawk," was Mr. Beck's comment as he moved away. "Always try to know what they look like, sergeant, before you jump to conclusions. It helps, believe me, it helps."

Mr. Beck was very keen in his scrutiny of the two revolvers. Both were six-chambered. The one which was said to belong to the dead squire had four chambers loaded with ball cartridge. The nephew's weapon was loaded in five chambers, but the five bullets had been carefully extracted from the cartridges.

"You'll be wanting to see this, sir," said the sergeant. "It was that bit of lead that did the job." He handed him a little, flattened fragment of lead. "Must have gone clean through," the sergeant explained. "It fell out of his waistcoat when we undressed him."

Mr. Beck took it in the palm of his broad hand.

"Got a scales, sergeant? A letter-scales will do." He weighed it to a hair. "Keep that carefully," he said, as he handed it back. "It will be useful at the trial."

"Have you found a clue, Mr. Beck?" the vicar asked, as they strolled back to the vicarage.

"Too many, I'm afraid," said Mr. Beck dejectedly. "The case is getting confoundedly plain."

In the vicarage there was a revolver hanging to a nail in the hall.

"Loaded?" asked Mr. Beck, pointing to the weapon.

"No," the vicar answered; "merely a scarecrow. It is half a year since I fired a shot out of it. It was a gift from young Richard Ackland."

Mr. Beck took the pistol from the wall and examined it.

"It is one of a pair," he said; "the same maker and calibre, and takes the same cartridge. Could you get me a bullet of this pistol, Mr. Greaves? I should like to weigh it."

For a moment the vicar looked startled and confused. He must have realised how deadly it would prove for Richard Ackland if the bullet of the pistol proved the same weight as the lead that killed the squire.

Mr. Beck saw his hesitation—possibly he guessed the cause.

"The truth is the truth, anyway, and it must out," he said, "whoever brings it out."

"I will get you the bullet," said the vicar, and left the room.

In a moment or two he returned with a bullet between his fingers. Mr. Beck weighed it carefully. It was the same weight as the morsel of lead he had weighed at the police-station.

"I'm afraid that settles it," muttered the detective; "the case has grown quite clear."

"I hope not, I sincerely hope not," cried the vicar.

"Well, we must all hope for the best," said Mr. Beck, "but it is hard to hope strongly against strong proof."

He refused the vicar's pressing invitation to put up at the vicarage.

"There is a comfortable public-house, the sergeant tells me, in the village. My mind, such as it is, works best when I'm roughing it. Good-evening, sir. I hope to call to see you early to-morrow with some news."

Early next morning Mr. Beck was on the scene of the murder—not the stolid Mr. Beck of the day before, but active, eager, every sense keenly alert.

There was a curious suggestion about

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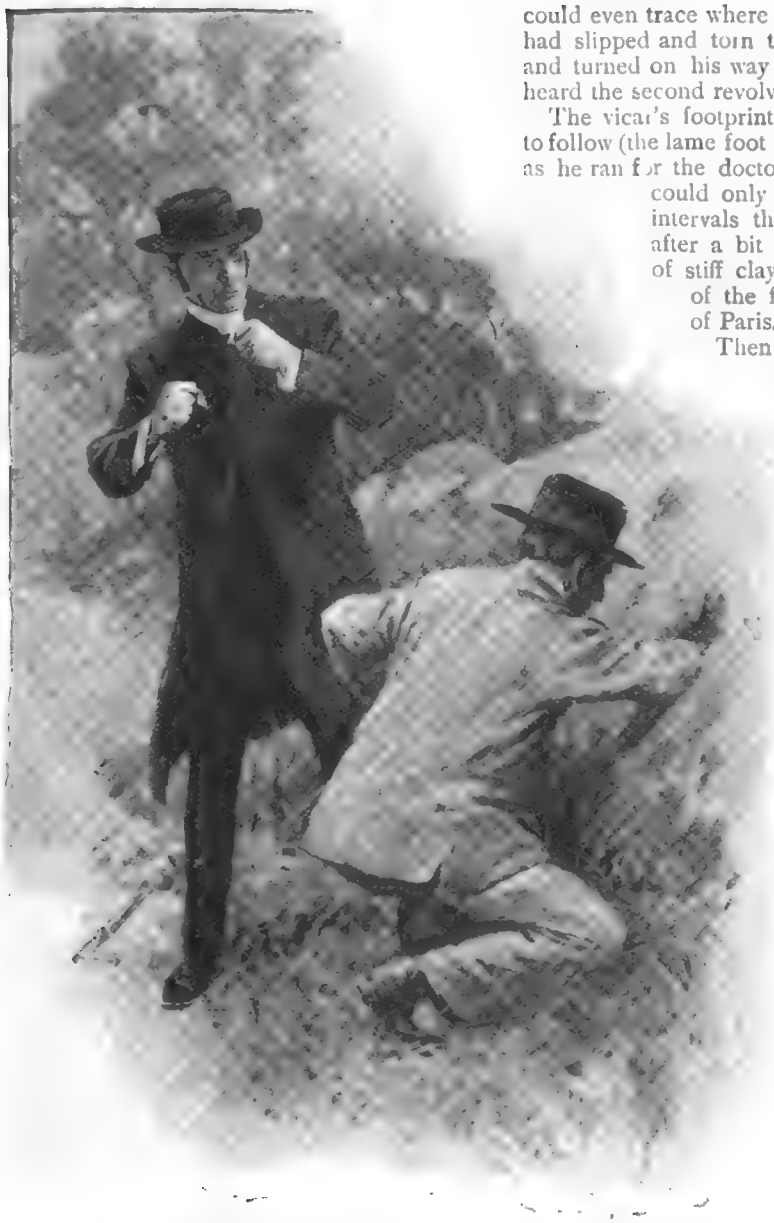

Mr. Beck stooped over a rabbit hole . . . and drew out a walking-cane.

him of a well-trained setter dog when it is close upon the game—every nerve and muscle vibrant with suppressed excitement.

Like a setter he beat round the spot, searching the ground with his eyes. There had been much rain of late, and the ground was still soft enough to take and hold footprints. He found three or four prints, small and sharp, of the heel of a girl's shoe. He could even trace where Dick Ackland's foot had slipped and torn the sod as he stopped and turned on his way to the brook when he heard the second revolver shot.

The vicar's footprints were faint and hard to follow (the lame foot lighter than the other) as he ran for the doctor. At first Mr. Beck could only find a mere trace at intervals through the grass, but after a bit he reached a bottom of stiff clay that took the mould of the footprints like plaster of Paris.

Then suddenly he came upon something that suprised him. It was a slight protuberance in the clay, shaped somewhat like a button mushroom, a foot or so distant from the vicar's footprint.

Mr. Beck dropped on his knees and whipped out the magnifying-glass he always carried. He could just distinguish a faint, spiral line on the surface of the tiny thimble of clay.

Fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, he got out the little brass lid he had found at the scene of the murder. It fitted the clay mushroom like a glove.

"I thought so," Mr. Beck muttered, as he slipped the little brass lid back into his pocket; "that makes it quite certain." He followed the track carefully. The little round knob showed at intervals beside the footprints. Then it ceased.

Mr. Beck's keen glance searched the ground on either side. To the right the woods opened to a clearing; to the left there was a sandy rabbit-warren rising in stunted

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hillocks. In front, not a hundred yards off, was the wall of the demesne. He had no trouble in satisfying himself that someone had recently scrambled over the wall—a stiff scramble for a lame man. The mortar had been stripped in several places by clinging feet and hands.

A moment's inspection satisfied Mr. Beck there was no more to be learnt there. He followed the track no further, but went back to the rabbit-warren. Here on the dry, shifting sand the traces of recent feet were so slight as to be imperceptible to any eyes less keen than his own.

He poked about curiously amongst the burrows as if he were rabbit hunting, not crime hunting, and even stretched his arm to the shoulder into two or three tortuous holes.

At last, apparently, he found what he sought in a rabbit hole near the top of a sandy hillock. Then he sat down, lit his pipe, and waited placidly.

The blue smoke curled softly up through the still air, the birds woke to song, and the peaceful rural scene, with its clumps of trees and wide stretches of lawn, and silver gleam of water in the distance, grew lovelier in the growing sunlight, and still Mr. Beck smoked and waited.

At last he caught sight of the unmistakable figure of the vicar limping swiftly over the ground, with his inevitable walking-cane in his hand.

Almost at the same moment the vicar caught sight of him as he sat conspicuous on the hillock, paused for the fraction of a second, and then came on quickly as before.

"Good-morning, Mr. Beck," he said genially, as he took a seat beside him. "You are very early abroad. Is it business or pleasure?"

"Both," said Mr. Beck; "it is a lovely morning to get an appetite for breakfast."

"Have you come to the rabbits for counsel?" queried the vicar smilingly. "Found any clues in the rabbit holes?"

"Well, yes," answered Mr. Beck stolidly. "I found the last clue there, but I knew pretty well what I should find before I found it."

The vicar's face hardened for a second, as with a sudden spasm of pain or fear. But his voice was easy and careless as he said: "Tell me all about it. You know I'm deeply interested."

"I know that," said Mr. Beck simply. "It's a very interesting case." He took the little brass lid from his pocket. "It puzzled me a bit at first," he said, "though I ought to have guessed. This morning I found out what it is."

"And what is it?" asked the vicar.

"The ferrule of an air-gun," answered Mr. Beck gravely, and again the vicar's face hardened with pain or fear.

"Of course," Mr. Beck went on, "I knew that it was not his nephew who shot the squire."

"How did you know it—when did you know it?"

"When I weighed the bit of lead that killed him. I knew the weight of the bullet that pattern of revolver would carry. It is my business to know. It was not the bullet of that revolver which killed the squire. When you brought me a bullet of the same weight as the lead and told me it was the bullet of your revolver you gave the show away. Then the idea of an air-gun flashed upon me, and I came out this morning to make sure."

"Well?" The word came with a kind of gasp from the vicar. "Did you make sure?"

Mr. Beck answered slowly: "I made quite sure. You see," he went on, "a man using the air-gun as a walking-cane with the ferrule off, would leave little knobs on the clay. I found those little knobs and the little brass cap fitted them."

The vicar only nodded, but there was no fear in his face now.

"Vicar," said Mr. Beck, with grave concern in his deep voice—almost with compassion—"you had your cane in your hand when you started to run for the doctor. You could not climb that wall with your cane in your hand, and yet it found its way back to the vicarage. You can guess what that told me."

"There were two identical canes," said the vicar.

"And one of the two was an air-gun. It only remained to find out where you had hidden the air-gun before you climbed the wall. That was an easy task."

Mr. Beck stooped over a rabbit hole beside him and drew out a walking-cane, in appearance identical with that which lay on the grass beside the vicar. But the second was of steel, and there was a little hole where the ferrule should have been.

The vicar never flinched. They were right who praised the courage of the man. His eyes were steady; there was no tremor in his voice.

"I'm glad I shot the brute," he said, "and I'm half glad you found me out; but I hope you will believe I had no notion of letting Dick Ackland suffer for it. As a last resource

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I would have surrendered. Still, I hoped to get him out of the country, and so give me a chance with Alice Dale, for I love Alice Dale."

The words were very quietly spoken, but the man's whole soul was in them. His voice shook with hopeless passion.

"I love Alice Dale," he repeated. "Now you will understand why I killed the scoundrel who insulted her. Perhaps you will even understand why I hoped that if young Ackland were out of the country I might have had a chance.

"The air-gun," he went on quietly, "was a gift of a dear friend when I was going to India. It is wonderfully powerful, and fires half-a-dozen bullets to a single pumping. I found it very useful more than once in India. The duplicate cane I bought in London when I returned, because it was so like the air-gun. I could hardly tell them apart, except by the weight. I had put the air-gun aside. No one in the vicarage knew anything of it.

"But I took it out of its hiding-place and carried it constantly since I heard of Squire Ackland's insult to Alice Dale. I had it with me loaded when I met him in the wood, and I quietly screwed off the ferrule, which slipped from my fingers into the thick grass. I almost hoped he would give me a chance to use the gun in self-defence. When Dick Ackland fired the blank cartridge, I saw my chance and took it. I was standing close to the squire at the time. I turned the point of the air-gun to his side, pressed the little knob with my thumb, and——"

With a quick movement he snatched the air-gun from where it lay across the detective's knees, and turned the nozzle to his side. There was a sharp, metallic twang as the release of the tightly-packed air drove the bullet home. The man toppled over, and the gun went clattering down the hillock.

The spasm of the parting soul distorted the vicar's face with sudden agony. Then a smile settled on the dead face, and he lay limp and still, staring with sightless eyes at the blue sky. Human justice had no further claim on him.

IT WAS I

Who found, when all the rest were out,
Some fine cigars were left about,
And hailed the find with joyful shout?—
It was I.

Who sat him down in blissful state,
As happy as a potentate,
And puffed with satisfacton great?—
That was I.

Who watched the clouds of smoke ascend;
Blessed from his heart this new-found friend,
And vowed he'd smoke it to the end?—
It was I.

Who found to his extreme surprise,
Viewed by his strangely-aching eyes,
That his cigar increased in size?—
That was I.

Who lay extended on the ground,
His head filled with a buzzing sound,
While everything seemed going round?—
It was I.

Who slowly crawled upstairs to bed
To rest his dull and aching head,
And well-nigh wished that he were dead?—
That was I.

Herbert J. Brandon.

WE

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·The·Woman·Beautiful·

No. II.—THE WOMAN WITH WRINKLES IN HER FACE.

By Augusta Prescott.

All our Lady Readers should Peruse this Article with Great Care, Since it is Full of Wise Counsel. The Third Article of the Series, Appearing Next Month, will Deal with Beautiful Hair.

"Dimples at twenty, wrinkles at forty!"

This may have been true a hundred years ago. But in these days of high living and hard working dimples fly at an early age and wrinkles come before their time.

The bachelor girl who earns her own living is the one who sees the wrinkles coming earliest. The home mother of to-day wrinkles young. She thinks hard, works hard, worries a great deal, and the wrinkles are in her face before she knows it.

On the other hand—and far to the other extreme—are the young-old women. These are the women who have learnt how to drive away the wrinkles, and who at thirty, forty, fifty, and even sixty, are just as young as they used to be—so far as appearances are concerned.

These facts go to prove two things. First, that you are as young as you look; and, second, that you can look as young as you want to be. You need not look old unless you really want to! You can stay young in the face for ever!

The most prominent of all wrinkles—and the wrinkle most generally seen—is the one which runs up and down between the eyes. This is the wrinkle of deep thought. It comes in the face of the housewife and daily planner, and it comes in the forehead of the student and hard thinker. Look into the glass and see if you have this wrinkle. It is deep, and it lies directly between the eyes, running up and down. There is usually a group of three.

The second class of wrinkles is the melancholy wrinkle. This is a group wrinkle, and the group lies in the forehead, running from temple to temple. Women who sit with lifted eyebrows always have this side-to-side set of wrinkles, which cuts the forehead as though it were cut with a knife. The creases are often so deep that you could lay your finger in them.

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Before massaging the face, steam it. Dip a towel or a sponge into hot water and hold it on the skin till the face feels hot. Repeat this action for fifteen minutes, being careful not to scorch the skin.

The old-age wrinkles—if there can be said to be old-age wrinkles—are found right at the corners of the mouth and at the corners of the eyes. They are the "crows' feet," about which you hear so much, and they are the wrinkles against which women have to guard the most.

In a well-developed set of crows' feet you will see the lines running like the tiny branches of a tree, right from the corners of the eyes outward. And if you look at them closely you will see small, yellow marks that look as though made by tiny fingers.

These are the three main varieties of wrinkles. But it may be said that wrinkles, however made and wherever seen, are never becoming. They are always disfiguring. In fact, there is no greater beauty-destroyer than the wrinkle and its near relative, the furrow.

Face culturists—as they call themselves—after grappling with the problem of the wrinkle for a long time, have decided that there are various ways of treating it, each with its own peculiar merits. No two people should have their wrinkles treated precisely alike.

For the fine-skinned woman massage is best, and this should be done with the finger-tips. The idea is to open the pores of the skin, and to let in a sufficient amount of oil to replace the natural oils. This plumps out the furrow and makes the skin smooth and clear again.

To practise massage as it should be practised, the pores of the skin should be open; and for this face-steaming is best. But there are ways and ways to steam the face. The simplest way is the best way.

Take enough hot water to fill a basin, and into this put a teaspoonful of borax powder. If possible, have the basin set upon a little stove, so as to keep it hot. Now, with a towel folded square, begin the work of face-steaming. Take the towel, dip it into the water, and hold it on the skin. Keep it there until the face feels hot, but be careful not to scorch the skin. Repeat and keep on repeating for fifteen minutes. At the end of this time the skin is clean and the pores are open. A sponge is just as good as a towel.

Now for the massage. Spread a layer of skin-food upon the face thickly, and let it soak in. Spread on another layer, and run over it very gently with the finger-tips. The skin will absorb the oils, and the wrinkles will look as though they had been ironed out. This must be done once a fortnight.

In massaging, remember that the skin is

The most prominent of all wrinkles is the wrinkle of deep thought, running up and down between the eyes. It should be massaged carefully every night, the fingers moving *across* the lines—not up and down them.

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like a piece of tissue paper that has been crumpled. It is full of little, fine wrinkles, and to iron them out you must take the tips of the fingers and run over the creases. Imagine all the time that you are smoothing the wrinkles out of the paper, and that you must work gently for fear of tearing the surface.

The massage of the forehead should take place every night; and there are five or six movements for it. The first is across the little lines that lie between the eyes.

The second is from side to side, stroking the wrinkles that run across the forehead. And with this there should also be an up-and-down motion to run counter to the wrinkles. Remember, in massaging, never to run right in the line of the wrinkles, but always across them.

The third motion is the double one. The fingers are separated, and are allowed to travel over the wrinkles that lie above and below the eyes. This should be a very gentle motion, and one that is meant to take out the tiny little pin wrinkles, which are so apt to cut up the skin as though it had been cut with a little chopping knife.

A fourth and very beneficial motion is the massage at the outer corners of the eyes.

Massaging the corners of the eyes is very beneficial. The fingers should be dipped in cold cream and rubbed on the skin gently, in a circular fashion, in such a way that the temples are rubbed round and round.

The massage of the forehead is most important, and should be done every night. The fingers must travel across the little horizontal lines parallel with the eyes.

The fingers should be dipped in cold cream and rubbed on the skin gently in circular fashion, in such a way that the temples are rubbed round and round, as though one were ironing a linen d'oyley with creases in it.

Then there is the one-finger massage, which is for those who have the deep wrinkles running up and down between the eyebrows and right into them. This massage is light but thorough, and the girl with the up-and-down wrinkle of the eyebrows would do well to practise it twice a day until the wrinkles are gone.

There are various rules for the massage of the face. The first rule is that there should be a good cold cream or skin-food. Cold cream can be bought at every chemist's, and, as a rule, one can get a very good quality cream. But it is cheaper to make it at home, and the woman who wants to do so can manufacture cold cream for a few pence, making enough to last her for three months, for it keeps indefinitely.

In all massage the cold cream should be very soft indeed. And it is well for the woman who is massaging to stand the pot of cream in a basin of hot water. This will keep it in quite a liquid state. While it is soft the finger-tips are dipped in it, and it is quickly spread upon the skin and rubbed in.

Again, in massaging, one must remember

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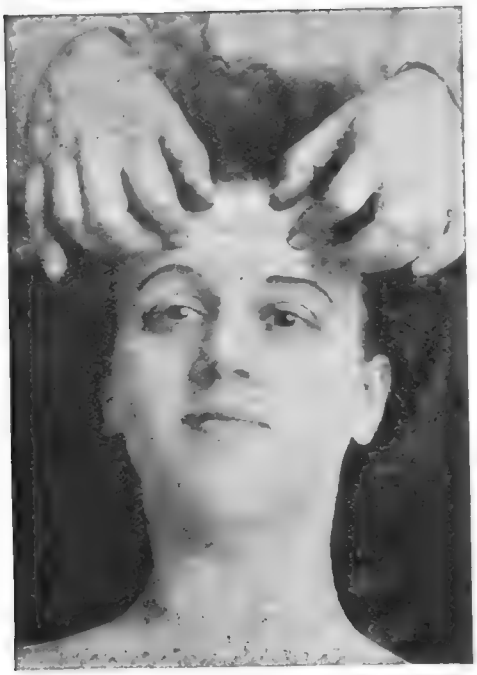

For people who frown in their sleep, the plaster treatment is best. Smooth out the skin, and while it is stretched apply the plaster in strips half-an-inch wide. Do not crease the skin when putting the strips on.

that the strokes must be swift and light. Heavy massage is worse than useless, for it irritates the skin. The fingers should go over the skin quickly and lightly, and without any injury to the skin, which should not even be reddened.

The hands of the operator should be soft hands, and the fingers deft ones. If one does one's own massage, one may regulate the strokes until they are just soft enough. The cream should be rubbed in until there is not a particle of it upon the face, which should feel smooth and soft as satin

For the very deep wrinkles, those that have accumulated during the years, there are other treatments, and one of these is the plaster treatment. The skin is massaged once a day, and at night it is treated with plasters to keep the wrinkles from returning.

There are people who frown in their sleep, and for these the plaster treatment is best. Take the skin and smooth it out with the finger-tips, and, while it is stretched smooth, apply the plaster in strips. The plaster should be cut about half-an-inch wide, and should be applied very carefully, so as not to crease the skin in putting it on.

At first it should not be left on more than a couple of hours, as there are skins that cannot bear the irritation of the plaster. But if the skin takes it well, it is a good thing to sleep with the plasters applied two or three nights a week. This method is used for parentheses around the mouth, usually called laughing wrinkles.

There is another treatment for wrinkles, and this is one that is being generally used in Paris now. The patient, whose wrinkles must be taken at a very early stage, is told to treat her skin to a benzoinated bath. This is done every other day; on alternate days the skin is tapped with a ball of cold cream.

To make the ball of cold cream, take enough skin-food or cream to make a lump as big as half an egg. Tie it securely in a bit of linen, so as to make a little bag. Tie the bag on the end of a stick, and then use it to tap the skin. This is sometimes called the drum-stick treatment. The cream is gently drummed into the skin, and at the same time the muscles are hardened, and the skin is rounded, and the flesh is developed.

This is considered the best of all treatments for a thin face, which takes on beautiful curves when tapped in this manner.

The matter of electricity is still another subject, for the treatment of the skin with the electric roller has now grown to be a recognised industry with face culturists.

Wrinkles are rolled out, furrows filled in,

If the skin takes plaster well, it is a good thing to sleep with plasters applied two or three times a week. They should be used for parentheses or laughing wrinkles round the mouth.

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the face is plumped, and the countenance grows young again. At least, such is the claim of those who advocate electricity.

To roll out the wrinkles with an electric roller, one needs, first of all, the battery. Then, in addition to this, there must be a wrist electrode, a set of cords, and a massage roller. There must also be a pot of skin-food, which is easily made at home.

The skin-food is rubbed into the skin until the flesh feels dry to the hand. The current is now turned on very lightly, and the roller is taken in hand. The operator must have a very steady nerve, and must work the roller from right to left and from left to right, directly across the wrinkles, not in them.

The current should be so low that there is scarcely any sensation, and the roller should be pressed very lightly upon the skin. Three treatments a week are enough.

If the skin is very poor and the wrinkles numerous and fine, giving the face the appearance of parchment, the face-steaming should be done every day, but in a new way.

There should be a long strip of cloth which is dipped in hot water and wrung partly out. This is wound around the head and face in such a way as to cover the worst of the wrinkles.

It is then pinned on and allowed to remain for five or ten minutes. Meanwhile the cloth is patted with the hands to keep it moist.

Before the electric roller treatment is commenced, skin-food is rubbed into the skin until the flesh feels dry.

A treatment for wrinkles used in Paris is a benzoinated bath alternated every other day with tappings from a ball of cold cream.

The worst wrinkles are those that look dark and menacing; these give the face a scowling expression. They are bad at all times, but when the victim laughs they give her a grotesque look, as though she were laughing and frowning at the same time.

For this kind of wrinkle there must be a double treatment.

The face must be lathered with soap or soap jelly. Soap jelly is best, for it is in itself a wrinkle eradicator. Make a pot of it, O woman with wrinkles in your face, and keep it for daily use. With soap jelly, and plenty of it, there is a ready remedy for a furrowed skin.

To use the soap jelly, take it by the handful and spread it on the face and neck. Let it remain on for five minutes. Wash off in hot water; and the face specialists will tell you that you should use nine rinsings, with borax in the second and third rinse waters.

In the last water there should be just enough benzoin to make the water milky. This wash contracts the pores of the skin, and gradually closes them. It is good for open pores and for red veins.

The wrinkled woman should never go to

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A very light current is turned on when using the electric roller, and the operator works it from left to right, and *vice versa*, across the wrinkles.

bed without treating her face. She may not care to sleep with a layer of cold cream on her skin, but she can treat it so that the wrinkles will not come. And this can only be done by care and time and the use of a few simple home ingredients.

Take the face in hand for half-an-hour every night and you will be well repaid. Keep a supply of cold cream in the house and use it. If the wrinkles are from old age or advancing years, use a skin-food instead of cold cream.

And when you have used it freely, rub it off with a very soft rag and apply soap jelly thickly. This is rinsed off, and then comes a tiny bit of cold cream, which is left on the skin overnight.

Cucumber lotion is another thing that is needed, and this is to be used in the middle of the day, when one comes in dusty and tired and the wrinkles begin to show. Make your own cucumber lotion, and make it often.

Every woman should have a toilet shelf for her facial ingredients, and here are the things which should stand upon it:

There should be a jar of home-made skin-food for old-age wrinkles.

A pot of cold cream for the tired creases, the lines that come every day and that can be rubbed out every night.

A bottle of cucumber lotion for taking the dust out of the skin.

A wide-mouthed bottle filled with soap jelly for daily use.

A cake of good soap and a bottle of benzoinated face lotion.

And to this might be added a little perfumed lotion for use in the evening, and a jar of pure almond oil, to be used when the face is deeply chapped.

Actresses will tell you that a bottle of rose lotion is invaluable. This is made by taking rose-water and glycerine in equal parts, and mixing them for daily use. And there are others who recommend a lotion of orange-flower water and glycerine—parts, three to one.

This one precept is always to be remembered. It is not necessary to have wrinkles. They will come if you want them. But if you do not desire their presence they will stay away for ever.

You can preserve your skin until it is as beautiful as that of a girl of sixteen. And if you desire to do so, you can keep it perfect as long as you live. The skin of a woman of sixty who has worked upon her wrinkles is as pink and white, as smooth and as pure, as it was in her girlhood.

If the skin is very poor and wrinkles numerous, the face should be steamed by wringing out a long strip of cloth in hot water, and winding it round the head so as to cover the worst wrinkles.

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HE, SHE, AND HE.

A True Tale of Three Storks.

Written for Thee, July 6th and 7th, 1905.

By Her Imperial and Royal Highness Princess Luisa di Toscana.

Illustrated by O. Giorgio Mannini.

Her Imperial and Royal Highness Princess Luisa di Toscana.

I have never written anything save countless letters, some little modest poems, and a few musical attempts, and now to-day, because you urge me so insistently, I am to put on paper that which I narrated one evening in your dear presence, at your table, amid congenial, stimulative surroundings. And you bid me write it down quite simply, just as I felt at the moment, regardless of the fact that I lack the swing of a trained style, the dexterity of a hand used to wield the pen. Well, it is your wish, so I will try to transcribe on cold paper what I related on your birthday night. I may say at once, I shall disappoint you. Still I will do my best, and I know that you will read as patiently as you listened that evening, and will pardon the 'prentice hand if it lacks the power to portray with warmth and vitality.

For three months you have urged me to set down that evening's tale. For three months the thought weighs on me. Yet how often have I yearned to revive those hours in memory, and to delineate in bold outline all the deeply pathetic—the touching elements—the story contains; its humanity, its similitude to those intimate experiences that lie hidden in the depth of our own sorrow-tempered souls, the trepidation that seizes us when we consider that a similar, or perchance even the same pain, the same fate, could strike us which befel the suffering, hapless creatures of this tale, who wrestled in vain against inexorable destiny.

Never until this dramatic episode in the life story of three storks, whose details I will now endeavour to condense for you into a graphic picture, have I realised the tangible affinity between the soul of man and that of the beasts.

As you know, the tale is true. It was told me by my cousin, at whose castle the drama was enacted. He himself was still under its perturbing impression when he related it to me three springs ago, on the occasion of my visit to him at that very castle. From my windows I could overlook the roofs of the ancient pile. My gaze was arrested by an abandoned storks' nest, merely an old waggon wheel, interwoven with a few dry sticks, that stood out grey and lonesome against the mournful March sky, across which the wind was whipping the snow and sleet, striking the gables of the venerable castle that stands perched high upon a hill, overlooking a wide, undulating, forest-covered region.

For more than thirty years, so said my cousin, every year in April his grandparents and parents had joyfully greeted the advent of the first stork. In the beginning there appeared only a white speck, high up in the air, but soon the whole bird could be descried. He would swirl in wide circles around the castle and its ancient walls, as though seeking his nest, until finally he would descend and seat himself upon its outer edge. For many years in succession it was the same stork who came. When he had subjected the nest to a searching and satisfying scrutiny, he would fly forth, returning after a short absence

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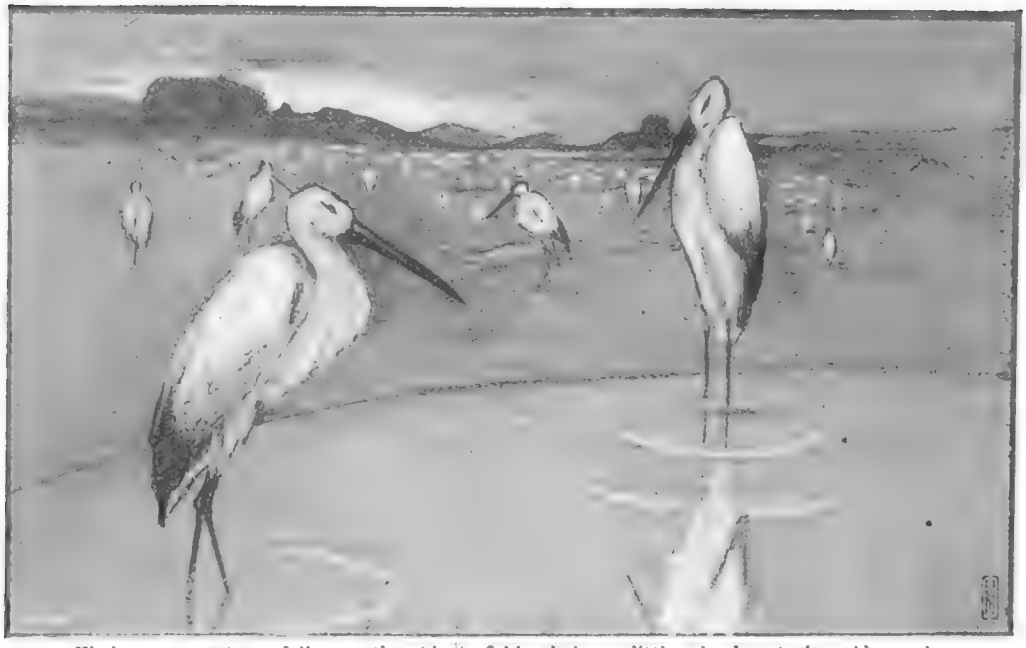

His keen, expert eye fell upon the object of his choice, a little, slender stork-maiden, who seemed to attract him.

with a stork wife, and then begin, each year, to rebuild his nest happily and contentedly in full view of the castle inmates, who watched him with interested attention.

At about four hours' distance from the castle spreads a large, grey meadow-bottom, upon whose mossy, moist verdure each spring, in early April, there congregate some hundreds of storks. These are all females, ready to couple, anxiously awaiting their mates, who, contrary to human custom, keep the ladies waiting, perhaps in order to be yet more desired. From out of this expectant and impatient throng every stork chooses for himself a wife, and our stork friend did not lag behind the rest.

On coming northward one rainy April day from hot, distant Africa, he directed his wings towards the marriage-meadow to seek out a consort for the summer's union. He had not long to cast about. After striding awhile over the marshy ground, in and out among the bevy of lady storks, his keen, expert eye fell upon the object of his choice, a little, slender stork-maiden, who seemed to attract him, and after looking at each other mutually, without any words of declaration, they presently flew off together westward through the misty evening air towards their new home.

In wide sweeps the pair circled over the nest before letting themselves down upon it. Then the male stork tried to cheer and encourage his timid mate, who glanced around her apprehensively. He pecked her tenderly. He stepped the circle of the nest. He pulled out the old, dry twigs with his beak, and threw them with an air of great importance beyond the roofs. After doing all this, and after looking carefully around for a while, he seated himself beside his young wife, and again tried by all means in his power to make her understand that no more beautiful nest, no better home than this one here on the castle roof could possibly exist. The wind and rain did not seem to distress our stork in the least degree. Not so his poor young wife, whose dejection was enhanced thereby.

It grew dark. Standing upon one leg, closely pressed to one another, ruffled by the wind and sodden with rain, there began for our young couple the first night in common. Next morning the sun shone out of a clear, cloudless blue sky, to find that our stork pair had been busy, from earliest dawn, rebuilding their nest. Our stork friend fetched up all that was requisite—for was he not familiar with the whole neighbourhood? and he, therefore, knew, without going far afield, where to find all the needful materials for this restoration.

Meanwhile, his poor wife tried to get accustomed to her new life. She helped him as well as she could, and even accompanied

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him sometimes on his longer excursions. Rarely did she sit quite alone on the edge of the now nearly completed nest. But when she did, her whole being seemed to undergo a transformation. She let her wings droop sadly, and sat, with ruffled feathers, motionless in the spring sunshine, as though she were shivering in the autumnal cold.

At last the nest was completed, and the stork husband could not contain himself for joy. He clappered incessantly and stalked about the nest, full of proud happiness and satisfaction, or would seat himself in the soft grassy and leafy bed, as though foretasting, in his stork soul, all the coming delights of fatherhood. Silently the future stork-mother watched her stork-spouse. She appeared resigned to her fate; did she not know that the laying and brooding time was close at hand, when she must rest quite still for three long, weary weeks?

Anxiously and tenderly our future stork-father guarded his little wife, who sat quietly and patiently in the nest Daily, eagerly he brought her good food; he even endeavoured to take her place at times, seating himself upon the large, white eggs, and imparting to them his loving, paternal warmth, while the little wife stretched her wings upon the edge of the nest, or even permitted herself a short flight.

After the prescribed three weeks came a day when three ugly, long-necked little stork-babies peeped forth from under the wings of the stork-mother. Their advent filled the stork-father with happy excitement. He no longer knew a moment's rest. Ceaselessly he was in motion to forage frogs or other tit-bits for them, and also to provide for their mother. The little ones were greedy and insatiable; but their father untiring in flying to and fro, while the stork-mother now never left her little ones, even for an instant. She was mother-love and self-abnegation personified.

One morning the stork-father had flown forth as usual. The sun shone down warmly upon the white feathers of our stork-mother, beneath whose wings the young ones were happily sleeping. She was blinking up at the cloudless blue sky, when her sharp eye discerned a white, moving spot that, growing quickly larger, seemed bearing towards her.

With rapid flight a large, white bird came cleaving through the air. Then she recognised that it was a stork, who had let himself down upon one of the castle's gables that uprose just opposite her nest. The birds appeared to look at each other with amazement. It was evident they were not strangers, for a great restlessness fell upon the stork-wife, while the new arrival could not long remain satisfied to gaze at the nest from afar. With widespread pinions he sped towards it and seated himself upon its edge. A long, long while did the stranger guest sit thus silent and motionless.

The young mother, too, in her nest did not stir, when suddenly both heard from afar the rushing of wings cutting the air. It was the stork-father returning from his outing. For some time he circled above the motionless pair. Then, as though he had unexpectedly arrived at a decision, he flew off towards the south.

After a short while the air buzzed with the swirl of many wings, and a large concourse of storks incircled the nest in excited flight. Then, as though to order, they swooped down upon the strange intruder, falling upon him with their long beaks, so that he was pitched down upon the steep, sloping roofs. The whole company in angry tumult followed the culprit, and a fierce fight began; feathers flew in all directions, and within sight of the dumb and stricken stork-wife, who remained silently in her nest, her friend was hacked and mortally hurt by the maddened stork-husband and his male friends.

Standing upon one leg, closely pressed to one another, ruffled by the wind, and sodden by the rain.

When the jealous stork-husband thought he had punished his rival enough, he released his weary, jaded foe, and the other storks flew off. Straining his ebbing strength, the poor, hunted bird tried to soar to the same gable on which he had alighted after his long journey, and whence he had gazed lovingly for the first time across to the opposite nest. After much effort the wounded creature

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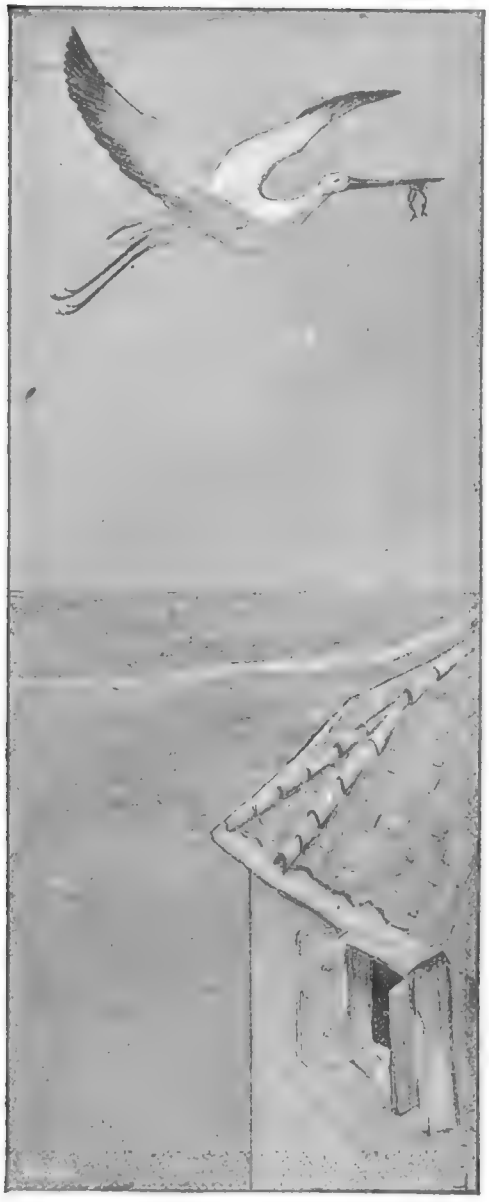

After a few minutes she returned the way she had gone, and on flying past, as though by accident she let a frog drop on the gable.

attained his goal. He reached the gable, where he sat trembling in the rain, that blew through his tattered feathers and cooled his bruised and bleeding head. And long, long did he look across at her who sat stock still within her nest, and their glances seemed to fuse in one heartbreaking sorrow, that proclaimed its grief in this silent speech far more plainly than in all the words of all the tongues.

Meanwhile, the pacified and triumphant consort had seated himself on the edge of his nest, and was busy carefully and deliberately smoothing his ruffled feathers, blinking with one eye and contemplating with a sly expression his spouse, who continued to sit motionless in the nest. Sunk in complete indifference, she seemed even to have forgotten her three small, screeching young ones, who were putting forth their bald, round heads from under her wings, and vociferating loudly and hungrily.

The sun was sinking, and ever louder and more plaintive grew the cries of the little stork-children. The stork-father still sat motionless on the same spot. He had lost all pleasure and interest in foraging. His whole attention seemed concentrated upon his faithless companion, whom he treated with outward indifference, but really watched with raging jealousy.

Then the stork-mother moved, and raising herself cautiously she stepped on to the edge of the nest, opened her pinions for flight, and brushed past the gable where sat her stricken friend. After a few minutes she returned the way she had gone, and on flying past, as though by accident she let a frog drop on the gable where sat the bird wounded to death. Her husband feigned not to see this act. With indifferent mien he turned his white back to the gable. Her nest attained, the stork-mother fed her little ones with her customary tranquillity.

Thus passed the night, and the next morning dawned. The poor, wounded bird still sat motionless on the gable, his gaze, despite his pain, directed ever toward the nest. And yet again the stork-mother flew forth, and yet again on her homeward flight she passed this gable and let the best bit she had found drop down beside her dying friend. And he was sustained not only by the nutriment that his dearly-beloved brought to him, but still more by this mute proof of her unconquerable love, that seemed to grow with the hours.

But the sorely-stricken bird had no longer strength left to drag himself beside the food. He lay all day stretched out with downward-drooping wings upon the gable, his weakened gaze still directed steadfastly toward the nest where his dearly-beloved sat in dumb despair looking down on him unceasingly.

And thus passed another night, and the third morning dawned. The stricken bird lay dying on the gable, his last look directed, as the rising sun threw its first rays upon the nest, toward his loved one. And she had to look on as her friend died—she had to

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witness how he slid slowly down the steep roof of the gable and vanished behind the old wall that falls sheer down into the garden. And motionless did she sit; she seemed to have forgotten her screeching young ones.

Then the stork-father raised his pinions for flight and sped to the neighbouring pond to fetch food. Scarcely was she alone when the stork-mother arose. Slowly she mounted on to the edge of the nest. The little storks all stretched out their long necks, with the round, ugly heads and large, clumsy beaks, into the air.

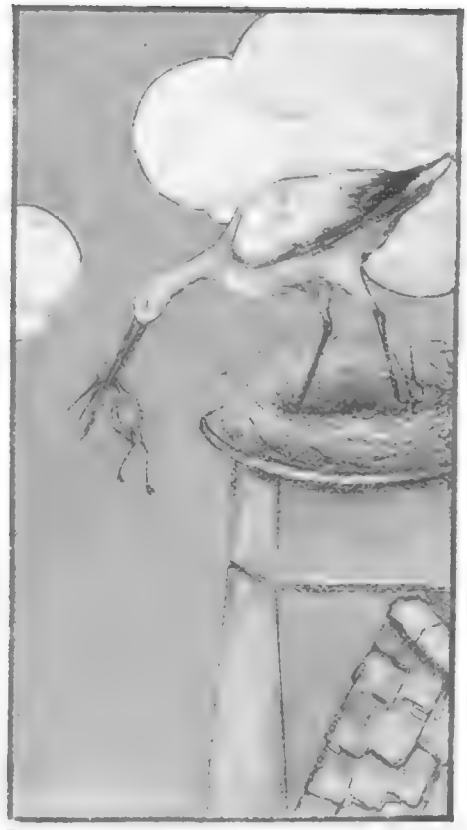
The stork-mother bent low into the nest, and with quick, decided grasp seized one of her young ones by its neck with her beak, flinging it in wide circles upon the paved courtyard below. The little one fell heavily upon the stones, struck out with his legs and wings, opened his beak, and died. A second and a third time did the stork-mother bend low into the nest, flinging in the same wise her other young ones down on to the castle courtyard, and they, too, died beside their murdered brother.

Then the stork-mother stepped low into the nest, seated herself, and awaited her spouse. He soon came and endeavoured to induce her to eat with every caress he knew. She would swallow nothing. Thus two long nights passed. The stork-wife sat motionless in the nest. The distracted stork-husband tried all means he could devise to coax her into breaking her fast. She would not eat.

Towards the evening of the second day, the stork-wife suddenly arose, and putting forth her last strength, attempted flight. But her weakness was too great. She reeled back into the nest with wide-spread wings, as though even while dying her yearning impelled her to speed thither where lay her dead friend. And thus she gave forth her last breath and died.

That selfsame night the stork-husband went away. For three years the nest stood empty. In the fourth year, early in April, an old stork circled for a long while above the castle and its ancient walls, flying slowly and sadly round the deserted nest. It was as though the memory of that night had drawn him irresistibly to look once more before his death upon the spot linked with his joys and griefs.

Then, after circling over the castle in ever widening sweeps, our stork directed his course towards the north.



The stork-mother bent low into the nest, and with quick, decided grasp seized one of her young ones by its neck.

THE WAIL OF THE WORM.

Oh, give me the winter, I say,
No matter how bitter and cold,
I can blissfully dream it away
In my subterranean stronghold:
I laugh in my underground lair
At the pleuro-pneumonia germ—
Yes, I pity you mortals up there,
And thank goodness I'm only a worm!

No rent, rates, or taxes to pay—
Just fancy! But, ah, when the spring
Comes to soften my shelter of clay,
Well, then it's a different thing;
I quake when I first hear the song
Of the birds in their newly-wed glee,
For when the spring bills come along
I know that it's all up with *me!*

Stuart Furniss.

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

All Readers . . Possessing . . Photographs . of . . . Curiosities . . are asked . . to Submit . . Them . . . to the Editor.

Liberal . . . Payment is . Made . . . for all . . . Accepted . . Pictures, if . Accompanied . by a Short . Description. .

Copyright Stereograph *Keystone View Co.*

Thousands of cocoons, which supply silk for the Japanese silk industry. They are exposed to heat in order to kill the chrysalis, so that the escaping moth shall not injure the silk.

COONS AMID COCOONS.

THESE two little Japanese babies are at rest among thousands of cocoons spun by silk-worms. The cocoons have to be kept at an even temperature. They vary in colour with the different species and varieties of the worms which spin them, and they may be white, yellow, lemon, or green.

A week after being spun the best are selected for breeding purposes and allowed to develop into moths, the remainder being exposed to heat to kill the chrysalis, which, if let alone, would develop into a moth, and escaping would break the silk.

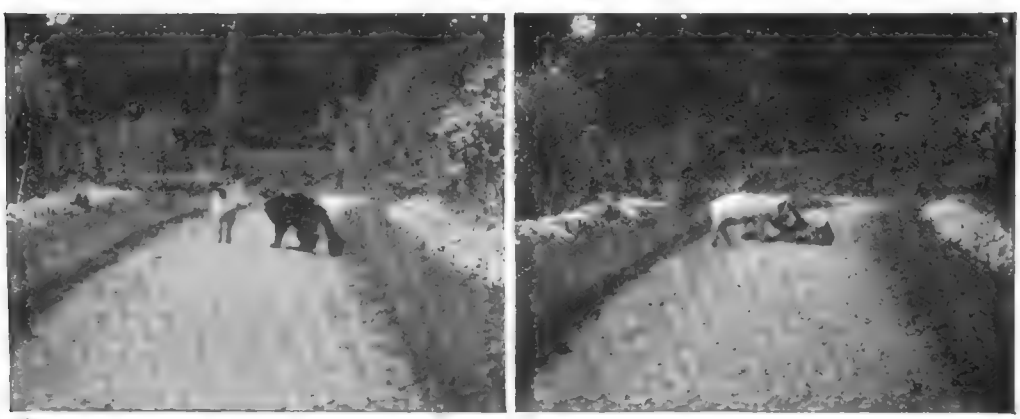
AN EXTRAORDINARY FRIENDSHIP.

TOBY is one of a litter of fourteen pigs, two of which have died.

The sow trod on the cheek of poor Toby, and so injured him that he was obliged to be taken from her and brought up on a feeding-bottle by his owner.

He would come out of his sty at the sound of his name and scamper to the top of the garden, take his bottle, and then have a good game with Jerry, the cat, whose firm friend he is, and return to his "home" when satisfied.

He now takes his food off the same plate as Jerry, and is very friendly with everyone.



Photos *Mrs. Gervase Shipman.*

This pig was one of a litter of fourteen, and happened to get his cheek trodden on. In consequence, he was brought up by hand, and incidentally developed a great friendship for his owner's cat.

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A PECULIAR AUSTRALIAN PALM.

THIS palm, the *Liviston Australis*, is commonly known as the "Cabbage Palm," because the early settlers in Australia used to eat the growing centre or heart of the tree as a vegetable.

There was nothing extraordinary about this, since the core of the tree has an excellent, walnut-like flavour.

On the other hand, it is necessary to destroy a tree in order to furnish the very smallest portion of this delicacy, so that the dish came to be rather an extravagant luxury.

The Cabbage Palm is the commonest of Australian palms, and the only one that extends from tropical Queensland southward down to Victoria.

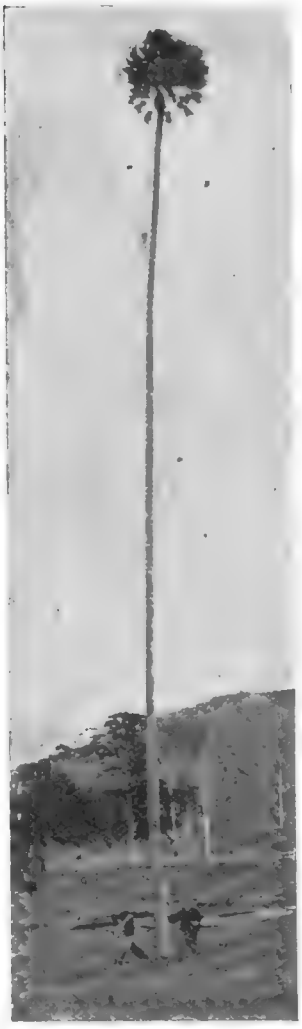
The average height of these palms is about a hundred feet, but individuals at times rise to a much greater height.

Like all palms, there are no leaves or branches on the stem of the tree, foliage being confined to a bunch of greenery at the top.

This particular tree originally grew in the bush, but it has gradually become isolated by its companions falling, one by one, to the woodman's axe.

Thus at the present time it stands supreme and alone, "monarch of all it surveys," like Alexander Selkirk.

Though the average height of the Cabbage Palm is a hundred feet, this particular specimen, owing, possibly, to its isolated position, has grown much taller than is usual for trees of this kind, and has attained an altitude of close on 130 feet.



The *Liviston Australis*, or Cabbage Palm, has a growing centre which has a peculiar, walnut-like flavour, and is used as a vegetable. Unfortunately the tree must be cut down to furnish even one dish. This specimen is 130 feet high.

TOWING A BRIDGE SPAN UP THE HARLEM RIVER.

RECENTLY a new drawbridge span was necessary for Broadway Bridge, New York, but the old span was to be used for a new bridge across the Harlem River at 207th Street, so the new span was built on piles at 215th Street, and in due course had to be towed up to its place in Broadway Bridge.

The span was carried on four pontoons, two at each side of its centre.

These pontoons measured 110 by 32 feet, with sides 9 feet high, and were capable of lifting 600 tons each.

They were weighted with water, and supports were built up from them to the floor beams of the bridge span, this being done at low tide.

As the tide came in, the span was slowly lifted, and to hasten this the water was pumped out of the pontoons.

The whole bulk was towed to its destination by four tugs, two in front and two behind, and these carefully guided it to its new position.

There the pontoons were partly filled with water, this action lowering the span into its place. The pontoons were then removed.

The trip up the river only occupied thirty-five minutes, and the entire undertaking passed off without a hitch.

It was 5.30 p m. when the span left the piles at 215th Street, and by 7.30 the bridge was open to pedestrian traffic. By 9.30 the work was completed, and the following morning the bridge was thrown open to the public. The new span is 272 feet long and 53 feet wide, with a total weight of 1200 tons.

Photo *Scientific American.*

Towing a new span for the Broadway Drawbridge, New York, up the Harlem River.

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A TRIUMPH OF TAXIDERMY.

A Magnificent Reproduction of a Flamingo Breeding Ground.

Modern taxidermy is a very different art from the one which gave us the appalling stuffed herons, etc., now chiefly found in second-hand furniture shops, but once cherished ornaments for the home.

And modern taxidermy has rendered possible the construction of the magnificent case of flamingos in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, which faithfully reproduces the birds as they appear in their homes, the low, flat, uninhabited islands of the Bahamas.

An American flamingo brooding and feeding its young; an example of modern taxidermy.

Great difficulties stood in the way of the museum's Assistant Curator, Mr. Frank M. Chapman, who is responsible for reproducing the home life of groups of wild birds. The flamingo is an exceedingly shy and retiring bird; nevertheless Mr. Chapman succeeded in secreting himself in the very midst of a colony, taking an elaborate series of photographs, and studying the ways and customs of the birds in their homes.

Incidentally he exploded the good old idea that flamingoes while hatching their eggs sit astride their big nests, which are made of soft mud.

The tops of the nests measure about twelve inches across, and the birds' legs are only three inches apart, so that it is clearly impossible for them to bestride the nests.

As a matter of fact, the flamingo sits on her nest with her legs folded beneath her

When Mr. Chapman had secured several hundred flamingoes, and specimens of their nests and eggs, he sent them to New York, where they were stuffed and mounted. By strictly adhering to his photographs when grouping them, the modellers were able to construct a faithful reproduction of a flamingo rookery.

Photo *Scientific American.*

Here the taxidermist has a larger scope for his effor s. This is a reproduction of a breeding colony of flamingoes.

Though its body is no bigger than a swan's, the flamingo's long, slender neck and legs give it a height of about six feet. When in full plumage, its colour is almost entirely red.

It is a wonderful and inspiring spectacle to see a flock of these beautiful birds flying towards the setting sun.

The light, falling on their flame-tinted plumage gives them a ruddy sheen, and affords one of the most beautiful colour effects imaginable.

It is sad to reflect that the flamingo is in danger of becoming extinct, owing to the advance of civilisation, for it will only live away from mankind.

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A NEW LIFE-SAVING INVENTION.

THIS brilliant invention, which has been adopted by a Transatlantic steamship line, consists of an oval copper cylinder divided into numerous watertight compartments.

This cylinder is inclosed in cork, and covered with waterproof canvas.

Below the cylinder is suspended a wooden platform, and on this platform thirty persons may find sanctuary in the event of a wreck.

This apparatus consists of an oval cylinder made of copper plates, divided into water-tight compartments, and enclosed in cork covered with waterproof canvas. Beneath is hung a wooden platform to support 30 people.

The picture was taken while the invention was being tested, and this accounts for the fact that all the "castaways" are wearing bathing suits.

New life-saving apparatus is constantly being invented, and there can be no worthier outlet for the inventor's skill than in attempting to make life a little safer and more certain for "them that go down to the sea in ships."

It is comforting, however, for the nervous passenger to reflect that a big liner seldom goes down while crossing the herring pond.

A VASE BROKEN BY SOUND-WAVES.

THIS vase suddenly gave out a shrill noise, and collapsed while standing on a table two feet away from which a piano was being played.

The explanation of the occurrence is simple.

Occasionally a heavy glass article, especially one of varying thickness, will fly to pieces if it has been badly annealed.

In this case the catastrophe has been accelerated by the fact that vibration was set up in the ornament by a sympathetic chord being struck by the person seated at the piano.

All musicians have been annoyed at one time or another when playing the piano by a note giving out a twanging sound because it "synchronises" with some object in the room.

Still, few have had a glass ornament explode at close range while seated at the Bechstein, and those few doubtless considered it a poor compliment to their musical skill.

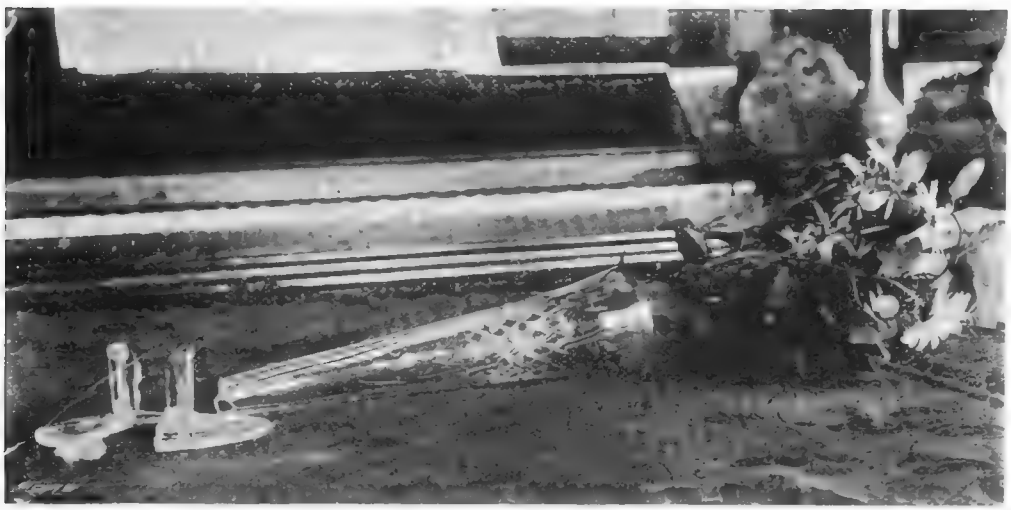

Photo *C. W. Hammond.*

This vase, standing on a table two feet distant from a piano, gave out a shrill noise and broke when the instrument was being played.

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The Story of a Girl's Debut.

WHEN I was a girl of sixteen or seventeen and sang at local concerts I did not mind singing before people. So I ought not to have been nervous about my first appearance as a professional singer after Mr. Arten had taught me for three years—but I was. Sometimes I felt as if I should not be able to make a sound when I stood up before the audience, and the morning before the concert I could have screamed with fright.

I suppose it was because my success or failure meant so much to other people. Father had done well with his novels for the last four years, and we had been quite well off, but just before I came out he lost all that he had saved through buying some shares that went down instead of going up. So I knew we should be poor again unless I succeeded, and he would not be able to do what he wanted to for the boys. My dear old teacher had lost a lot of money, too, through signing something for his wife's relations (he is like father and never can refuse anybody anything), and he and Mrs. Arten would be poor also if I was a failure. So I had some excuse for being nervous.

Mr. and Mrs. Arten asked me to their house for the day of the concert so that I should not be worried about housekeeping or anything, but they made me feel worse by fussing over me and pretending not to be anxious, and I wished that I had stayed at home and been too busy to worry.

"Please don't say another word about it," I begged after lunch. "If you do, I feel as if I *must* break down."

"It doesn't matter how you feel now, my queen of contraltos," Mr. Arten declared. "You'll sing all right when the time comes, because you have the singer's heart."

He meant that I am fond of music, and forget myself as soon as I get right into my song. I do; but I was afraid that I should be too nervous to get right into it! That was what troubled me.

"I'll try," I promised; "but you must go and have your afternoon nap and leave your stupid queen of contraltos alone. At present she has the heart of a mouse. Let me be, there's a dear old master."

"Very well, my dear," he said. "You shall fight it out with yourself. Perhaps that's the best way after all, for you have the heart of a lion, though you don't know it. I'll prove my confidence in you by sleeping like a top!"

So he went for his nap—he didn't sleep a wink, he told me afterwards!—and I tried to read a book and forget all about the concert, but I couldn't think of anything else. I kept

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picturing myself standing all alone on the platform and trembling and trying to sing, and only making a wretched, mousey sound, or perhaps no sound at all! Then I pictured the long rows of people sitting very quiet and frowning and looking at one another and shrugging their shoulders. I was almost crying at the idea, and then the maid brought a letter from Dick. He had had to go to South Africa on business, and he had written from Madeira, and part of the letter was written on purpose to make me brave. I will tell you just what he said, except one or two pieces that would seem foolish to other people. They did not seem foolish to me, because I am engaged to him and I love him very much. I am obliged to tell you that, because you would not understand this story properly if you did not know, and, besides, I am not ashamed of it.

This is what he said about the concert:

"I am so sorry to be away just when you will want me to hearten you, dear kiddie." (I was young when he knew me first, and he got in the way of calling me that.) "So I am trying to send you a written prescription; but you won't need it, because you've such a brave heart of your own. Be your plucky little self and you will not fail.

"Do you know that, of all the ways of yours that grip me, this outstanding pluck of yours is the one that has always gripped me tightest? When *I* want heartening, I think of the gallant little girl who 'only kept house for father and the boys,' as she used to put it; the troubled little housekeeper who always asked me (as a mathematician!) to check her accounts and calculations because she 'didn't want to worry father.' I think how she used to set her lips when the things to be bought were more than the money to buy them with—they always were, weren't they, kiddie, in those days?—and the differential calculus would not put them right. And I remember that she always ended by saying, 'But I'll manage somehow.' That's the way, sweetheart. 'Manage somehow,' just for the first verse. After the first verse that glorious voice of yours will manage for itself. In the second verse you'll have forgotten the people and be singing to an undeserving fellow tossing on the high seas. In the third verse you'll have forgotten even him"—he was wrong about that—"and you'll have sung yourself beyond the seas and the earth to

"You'll sing all right when the time comes, because you have the singer's heart."

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fairyland, where I cannot follow you. 'Manage somehow,' just at the beginning, and the singer's heart, as good old Arten calls it, will do the rest.

"The singer's heart—and the love in it—will carry you through, whatever happens. You will sing well, when the time comes, for the very reasons that will worry you beforehand, because others depend upon you. For their sakes you would sing and sing well even if you were tired or ill or in trouble; even if your old Dick had gone to the bottom of the sea and that precious heart of yours were broken to little pieces. (You see how I flatter myself!) You haven't to sing your best to sing well, you know. You can't sing any otherwise.

"And now for my prescription to hearten you just a little more. Don't think about the people in the hall, or the people at home. Just think: 'I'm singing to Dick. So I am *sure* to please my audience; and I'm going to please him more than ever to-night.' Whom else should the singer's heart sing to?

"If that prescription isn't strong enough, here's a desperate one. You know there's a song that you sing now and then, called 'Command Me, Dear.' I don't quite agree with it, because you and I are going to be a republic, not a monarchy! But since you like to fancy me a despot, I'll be one and command you. The command is that you sing your best whatever happens. It is your duty, dear; and, after all, you need no commanding to do that. Let the thought that I love you very much hearten you."

You can tell from the letter how good and kind Dick is. Of course, I am not nearly so nice as he makes out, and sometimes I am a very silly and hasty girl. But I try to do my best and to please him; and if *he* is pleased with me it really doesn't matter what other people think, except father. So I smiled at my foolish nervousness, and made up my mind that I would sing to Dick and do just what he had told me to, and when Mr. Arten came in I laughed, and he laughed, too, and nodded at the letter in my hand.

"What is the good of a singer's heart when she has lost it?" he asked.

"Why!" I said. "It's no good till she has! Do you know I'm not a *bit* nervous now; and I'm going to sing as you've never heard me! Or Dick either!"

"Ah!" he said. "Ah—ha! I *see!* You'd better take your heart in your pocket."

"There isn't a pocket in it," I told him — I meant the dress — "but I'll take it somehow!"

Father came round to go to Queen's Hall with us. (It was a big ballad concert. All the other singers were famous, and they only had me because Mr. Arten declared that I was going to be.) Father was delighted to find that I was in such good spirits, and I made him be the audience and curtseyed, and sang a few notes to show him that I was in good voice. When we got in the cab we were very merry, and I did not feel in the least afraid, because Dick had told me what to do, and so I knew that I should have to do it.

"I'll sing ever so well, Dick," I said to myself. "Ever so well!" And then something happened that I shall never be able to bear the thought of all my life.

The news came to me in little pieces, or I think I must have died; little pieces of newspaper placards that I caught sight of under the lamps as we drove along. The first thing that I saw was "Disaster" in big black letters. We had nearly passed the boy who held it before I noticed it, and I couldn't see any more. My heart gave a jump, because I was always fidgeting about Dick's ship; but I told myself that I was absurd to worry, and it would only be a railway smash, or a colliery accident, or something in China. The next word that I saw was "Liner." I stopped laughing then. Soon afterwards I saw "South African." I held on to the strap tightly and stared out of the window. At last I saw a whole placard. "Disaster to South African Mail Steamer. All on board lost."

I do not remember the rest of the ride distinctly; but I know that one of the placards had the name of Dick's ship. I was going to ask father to take me home, but I seemed to see Dick's letter that was tucked inside my dress as plainly as if I were reading it. "The singer's heart will carry you through.—Even if your old Dick had gone to the bottom of the sea.—It is your duty, dear." That I thought was what Dick had told me to do, his last message to me, and I must do it, however hard it seemed, and I must not tell father and Mr. Arten because they would not let me, if they knew.

So I sat very still and quiet, and they went on talking and laughing. They did not notice the placards, or at any rate they did not show it, and if they noticed me they pretended not to. I did not even cry or shudder or catch my breath. I had to keep quite calm, I told myself, and save all my breath, or I could not sing properly to Dick—— Dick, Dick, Dick! The horse's hoofs seemed

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to say that, and it was like an accompaniment to father's and Mr. Arten's talking.

Everything else was like a dream—a dream when you can't get rid of the thought that you will wake up and know something that you do not want to; but I recollect that I jumped out of the cab without help, and walked up the stairs—if there were stairs—quite steadily. I saw in a mirror that I looked very slim and pale, but quite composed, and when people were introduced I bowed very quietly and said nothing.

I sat in the singers' room and listened to the others singing, and did not speak if I could help it. Once or twice father and Mr. Arten tried to make me talk, but I just said: "Don't, please." So they let me alone. Madame Arelli—I always thought that she was the sweetest of the great singers—came and sat beside me and put her arm in mine and whispered to me not to be nervous and to think of nothing but "the dear music"; but I only nodded and pressed her arm. Mr. Measures, the American baritone, came and sat in her place when she went to sing.

"Don't be frightened, little lady," he said. "Pick out some kind-looking person right at the back and think you are only singing to her. Arten says you will be a great success, and I've never known him wrong. So you mustn't be afraid."

"Thank you," I said. "I am not afraid."

"That's right," he said. "There's really no need to be. Audiences are always kind to a pretty young girl. I've a daughter nearly as old as you, so you mustn't mind my saying that you look very nice, and are sure to win their hearts. The best of luck, my child."

"Thank you," I said again.

He must have considered me stupid and ungrateful.

I was not afraid. There was nothing to be afraid of now, I thought, because nothing mattered except singing my best to Dick, and I was sure that I should sing my best, because I always did what Dick told me. There was only one thought that troubled me. When people knew that I had sung just after hearing of Dick's death they would think that I could not have cared very much, but father and Mr. Arten would understand when I showed them the letter. And after it was over perhaps I should be able to cry. That was the one thing that I looked forward to, but I couldn't have cried then, even if I had wanted to; not even when Madame Arelli sang the Gounod-Bach *Ave Maria* that Dick was so fond of.

At last my turn came, and Mr. Arten walked over to me. He trembled a little.

"Dearest of all my dear pupils," he whispered, "we shall all love you just the same, however things go. Try not to be nervous."

I rose quietly and took his arm.

"I am not nervous," I told him, "and I shall sing well; but you must change the song. I will sing 'Command Me, Dear.'"

He began to object, but I looked at him.

"That is what I will sing," I said. And he drew a deep breath.

"If you feel so," he said; "yes."

He led me on and I bowed to the people, and looked at them and seemed to see everyone, but I did not care about them, though there were thousands and thousands. He played a few chords. Then he started on the rushing accompaniment. I put my hand on my dress where Dick's letter was and took a deep breath, and when the beat came my voice seemed to float out without any effort at all, and I saw people lean forward quickly to listen.

COMMAND ME, DEAR!

Command me, keeper of my heart,
A maiden heart and proud;
A heart that thought no lord to own,
To maiden freedom vowed;
A heart that no one else could move
And no one else could stay;
But now—O keeper of my heart!
Command, and I obey.

As I sang I seemed to lose the people and the hall, and to see Dick sitting beside me, as he sat beside the piano when I sang to him, and I thought that he nodded at the end of the verse as he did when he was pleased. So I drew myself up and took another great breath, and made up my mind that he should nod again. Then I went on:

Command me, keeper of my soul,
The soul that flew so high;
The soul that thought to live alone,
And then, alone, to die;
The soul that thought to soar beyond
The clouds that bound us here;
The soul that stood aloof from all—
'Tis yours! Command me, dear!

I seemed to see Dick just as plainly as if he were there while I sang the second verse. It is marked to be sung *forte*, but I always sing it clearly but gently, because I think she knew that he would never tell her to do anything wrong, and was glad that he would take care of her, and *wanted* to be commanded. Then I fancied that Dick put his arm right round me, and I sang the last verse as I had never sung before. I thought perhaps he

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When I came to I was on a sofa, and father was kneeling beside me.

could hear me; and anyhow it seemed like promising him that I would always remember what he said was right and do it.

Command me, keeper of me all
My heart, my soul, my mind;
Direct me, leader of my way,
For love has made me blind.
And I will tread the path unseen,
And neither doubt nor fear;
For I am yours; but *you* are mine!
And now—Command me, dear!

Dick always declared that the end of the song meant that she could make him command just what she wanted him to, so that she would have her own way, and he would take the responsibility! So I used to sing the last "Command me, dear," as if I were laughing. But I did not sing it like that then. I don't know how I did sing it, and Mr. Arten says that he doesn't either, but it was "sheer magic." I only recollect that the people clapped and shouted so suddenly that the noise seemed to wake me from a dream, and I found myself on the platform trembling and frightened, and Mr. Arten led me off, and Madame Arelli rushed at me and kissed me; and then the tears rolled down my face.

"Dick is dead!" I screamed. "Dead!"

And then I suppose I fainted.

When I came to I was on a sofa, and father was kneeling beside me. He held my hands and did not say anything. Neither did I, only gripped his hands very tightly. Dear old Mr. Arten stood and looked at us with a water-bottle and glass in his hand, but he did not say anything either. It felt as though the world had stopped still, and would never go on again. Then Madame Arelli came in with a newspaper in her hand, and stroked my hair.

"My dear child," she said, "you must not give up hope yet. Some have probably escaped in the boats. It is almost certain, the later edition says." She pretended to look at the paper. "No, *quite* certain, my darling!" She put her arm round me and looked at me; and I caught hold of her dress and sat up.

"Tell me!" I cried. "Tell me!"

"There is a list," she began slowly, and then burst into tears. "Yes!" she cried. "Yes! He is saved! My *dear* child!"

I shall always love Madame Arelli.

They had all escaped in the boats, it seemed, and had been picked up by another vessel; and Dick was one of those mentioned for their efforts in saving the women and children; but I should have known that he

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had done it, if the paper had not said so, because I know Dick.

"And so," Madame Arelli said, "you will be 'commanded' for the rest of your life; and I suppose that is what you wish? Of course it is! You love him very much, don't you, child?"

"Yes," I told her. "*Yes!*" Then I explained about his letter, and how I knew when I sang. "I was able to do it," I said, "because I love him. But people will think it was because I don't."

"Ah!" she said. "Not those who have the singer's heart; but perhaps you had better not tell your Mr. Dick. *He* might not understand."

I laughed a real laugh at that.

"Dick will understand," I said. "He always thinks the best of me. I only wish I had been brave enough to sing the encore. Then he *would* have been pleased!"

"Why not sing it now?" cried Madame Arelli. "They nearly shouted the house down calling for you, and Mr. Measures had to tell them that—well, what we thought had happened—before we could quiet them."

"But he didn't tell them that I knew when I sang?" I cried anxiously; because I knew that people *do* misunderstand things.

"No, no! Of course not! But he will tell them what you have heard now; and they will like the song all the better; and the singer! Why, they are going to like you better than they like me!" She laughed as if she was pleased that they should; and she clapped her hands and ran off for Mr. Arten; and I sang the encore. They made me sing it twice, and this was the song:

MY LOVER KNOWS.

Suppose you think I'm only earth—
No soil but grows
Some tiny little flower of worth—
My lover knows!
Suppose you cannot find my heart—
Just take a rose,
And when the petals come apart—
My lover knows.

Suppose you see no soul in me—
What woman shows
Her soul for all the world to see?—
My lover knows!
Suppose you blame the rest of me—
But just suppose
That someone made the best of me!—
My lover knows!

Dick did know; and when he got my letter he did not wait to write, but cabled:

Congratulate you, and myself.
DICK.

Dick has the singer's heart—mine!

THE BLOUSE.

Belinda's mouth is full of pins,
But though her brow may ache,
Her very heart and soul are in
The blouse she means to make.

And all at first goes well, till she
Discovers with alarm,
By some mistake, *both* sleeves have been
Cut out to fit *one* arm.

Yet, undismayed, she still contrives
To tack, and trim, and tuck,
And, with a proud, fond smile declares
'Twill look a perfect duck!

But when the last, last stitch is done,
Her smile becomes a frown,
On finding she has made it with
The pattern upside down!

Ada Leonora Harris.

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Photo H. Bown.

Mr. James Sullivan.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

No. XXVII.—THE AFRIDI WAR.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF PRIVATE JAMES SULLIVAN LATE ROYAL WEST SURREY REGIMENT.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

No better example of one of the big "little wars" which we are constantly waging to preserve order in our vast Indian Empire is afforded than the Tirah Campaign of 1897-98, better known as the Afridi War. The Afridi tribesmen live in the gloomy mountains on the North-West frontier of India. Fiercest and most cruel of all the hillmen, they revolted against British rule, and an army of 35,000 troops under General Sir Wm. Lockhart, took the field to crush them. They offered a brave and prolonged resistance, especially in their great stronghold, the plateau of Tirah. The campaign lasted from October 12th, 1897, to April 6th, 1898, and cost us 287 in killed, 853 in wounded, and 10 missing—a total of 1150. No fewer than 23 British and 4 native officers were killed, and 56 British and 16 native officers wounded. It was a war which, in the opinion of a distinguished military historian, was more serious than anything in which our troops had been engaged since the Mutiny. The Afridis' mode of fighting, and some thrilling incidents of the war, are vividly described by one who served throughout it. Private Sullivan, who subsequently served in South Africa, has been invalided out of the Army with a wounds pension.

My story may not tell of great battles like the Alma or Inkerman, or of disasters like Colenso—I was shot through the body there, and saw our guns lost—but I can at any rate give details of constant fighting and suffering which will show you what a "little war" means to the British soldier, and what a price we pay to keep the Empire going.

I was with the brigade that marched from Peshawar, the city near the Khyber Pass which commands the caravan route between India and Afghanistan.

We plunged into the land of the enemy, three days' march away—forty miles. First we got to Kohat, then to Dargai, which famous hill was reached two days after the storming that made the world ring with admiration. The Highlanders, the Devons, the Ghoorkas and other troops had rushed a steep slope—the kilted men to the tune of "Cock o' the North" skirled on the pipes; and even the fearless hillmen had not been able to withstand the furious bayonet charges.

The scene of the greater part of our operations was what is called the Tirah Maidan, the summer home of the Afridis. The Maidan is a valley twelve miles long and half-a-dozen broad, six thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by hills which rise to a height of another thousand. It was into this region that Sir Wm. Lockhart took his army of 35,000 fighting men, 12,000 of them British, with 20,000 camp followers, 20,000 mules and ponies, and an enormous number of camels, carts, and so on.

It is astonishing on active service how soon traces of a battle can be wiped out; and at Dargai, on the very spot which a few hours before had been strewn with the slain, we saw scarcely any signs of battle—except the mournful mounds which marked the graves of the fallen.

Up and up we went, ever climbing—almost into the very heavens, as it seemed, and into regions where white men had never before been seen. We drove straight into the enemy's country and straight into action, and from that time until the campaign finished the strain upon us never lessened. That was for a period of six months. Throughout the day we were toiling up the mountain passes, potted at and harassed by an enemy we seldom saw, and a race of cut-throat robbers whose life's ambition is to possess a rifle; by night we were tormented by snipers, who crawled stealthily towards us like snakes in the grass, and shot and knifed us as the chances offered. Many a sentry was slain on his post without ever seeing his foe, and many an outpost was destroyed by unseen hillmen.

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Nothing is more demoralising than butchery like this, and I think any soldier will tell you that the courage needed to take him into battle is as nothing compared with the pluck that is necessary to enable him to do his duty in the silent hills at dead of night, when every rustle in the grass may be a signal that a knife is near his throat, or a bullet ready for his brain.

My brigade reached a place called Karappa at dusk, a few days after leaving Peshawar, and it was played in, so to speak, with the enemy's sniping. I had been under fire already, and a good many times in dusts with the hillmen, and I was not very much troubled because of the bullets; but there were plenty amongst us who skipped in pretty lively fashion till they got used to the lead plugging into the ground about them. It is amazing how soon you are accustomed to that performance.

Even now, at the very beginning of the expedition, I came across many instances of heroism and recklessness. I will tell you of a few. The baggage of our regiments, which made a long convoy, had still to come into camp from Dargai, through a dangerous defile between two mountains. Major Ellis, of my regiment, hurried from Karappa Camp to stop the baggage from marching in the night. Already men were being shot, and there was grave danger of the convoy being cut off and destroyed in the darkness of the night. You must remember that it was not a case of marching along anything like a road, but of crawling nearly every step you took, up or down rugged, narrow pathways, steep and treacherous, or the dry beds of rivers. And every nook in the hillside, every boulder, might, and often did, shelter an Afridi. The peril was made perfect by the darkness.

Part of the convoy struggled through before nightfall, and as for the rest, the major, when he reached it, ordered it to halt till daylight. Orders, however, are not always strictly and diligently obeyed, and there were a few stragglers who preferred to make a dare-devil shot for the camp, which they could see, rather than halt in the hills and be at the mercy of an invisible and cruel enemy. They took their chance, and some of them joined us. The others—well, they were not smart enough, and we found them next day where they had been killed and indescribably mutilated.

One of my own comrades, named Bushel, made this desperate dash; but he failed, and was numbered with the lost. To go out and find our friends after the savage hillmen had done with them was always the worst work that fell to us—and it did not lessen our resolve to give short shrift when time of payment came.

A prophecy concerning one of our men was strangely fulfilled. It was always said of him that he would die drunk, because whenever liquor was to be had he got some. This soldier was with the convoy, in charge of a mule carrying two kegs of rum for use in hospital. I do not know what his motive was—perhaps it was not hard to guess—in determining to stay behind, according to orders. But he preferred to protect himself in his own queer fashion. So he barricaded himself as best he could, and, sheltering in a sort of warren he had built, he tapped one of the kegs and made a night of it. There was some excuse for having a nip, because the nights were perishingly cold; but he went for the spirit neat and undiluted.

Next day we found him—curled up just like a ball. He had drunk himself to death, and had been stiffened or frozen into that queer shape. We all marvelled at the striking realisation of the prophecy—and there were one or two of the men who did not hesitate to say that there were more disagreeable ways of dying. This man was not cut up when we found him—the enemy had not discovered him, which speaks well for his secrecy; but that is the only case I recollect of a soldier falling in the hills and escaping mutilation.

Another and far more glorious instance is afforded by a gallant soldier of the name of Walsh, a stirring example of the way in which a man will do his duty—and, often enough, get nothing for it. He was in charge of a mule carrying two thousand rupees, part of the regimental pay, packed in boxes like ammunition. Seeing that it would be madness to try to reach the camp, and determined at any sacrifice to justify the confidence reposed in him, he set to work to save his treasure. He made his native driver unsaddle the mule, and help him to put the money into a little recess in the hillside. Then he gave the beast a kick to help him on his journey somewhere else, and throughout the whole of that long, black night he guarded his treasure with fixed bayonet. He remained on his lonely post in that bleak pass until we reached him in the morning and got him and his rupees safely into camp. It was a deed requiring the highest courage and devotion, but Walsh never received any acknowledgment for it. Yet honours and decorations

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are awarded freely for lesser acts of valour which are performed when the blood is hot.

We plunged, I say, into the very thick of things, and on that night of our arrival we were attacked so furiously that we expected the camp to be rushed and overwhelmed, although there were some four thousand of us, British and natives. Amongst the latter were some of our famous little Ghoorkas, specially chosen fellows who were known as Hawk's Scouts, after their captain. Half a hundred were sent out of the camp to stop the sniping—also known as "browning"—which was playing havoc with us, and their work was as hard and dangerous as it could be. They were between two fires, our own and the enemy's, so it needed a lot of pluck and endurance to help them through with their duty.

Even those amongst them who thirsted most for excitement—and the Ghoorka loves thrills—were satisfied. In the darkness the snipers crept and crawled as near to our camp as they could before firing, and so quick an cunnin g were they that often enough they stole past our outposts, quite close, unseen and unheard. They met their match in the Ghoorkas, though, for they also are good hands at stalking. They would lie perfectly motionless until the snipers got near—and it was woe to the hillmen who came within reach of rifle or knife.

To my own battalion was given the honour next day of storming the Sampagha Pass. This meant warm work, because the pass was considered impregnable, and had never been ascended by British troops.

In the bitterness of the dark morning we moved out of camp and began our climb. It was a wonderful performance. To reach the very top it was necessary to climb hill after hill, now up a good deal, now down, but not quite so much, and up and down again, getting higher all the time. We were heavy-laden, too, each man carrying a hundred rounds of ammunition, his haversack and greatcoat rolled, as well as his rifle and bayonet. Hard, exhausting work it was, forcing us to keep on the run and trot all the time.

A remarkable thing occurred to me in carrying out this task. Although I was strong and healthy enough, still I was short-winded, and so far as one could tell, not at all a likely subject for such an expedition. Until that day I was exhausted if I ran two hundred yards, but now I was on the rush, with my burdensome kit, hour after hour, and never felt the strain of it at all. That shows what excitement in battle will do for you.

Sound lungs or weak, there were places in that awful pass where even the shortest winded man was forced to make a dash for it—treacherous openings in the hillsides, commanding the paths, through which bullets whizzed as soon as ever a man of ours was seen.

My section had to pass a curious sort of cleft in the hillside—a mere slit a few feet in width, almost like a firing-slot in an old battlemented wall. You might suppose that such a spot would offer no danger or difficulty, yet it proved a very jaw of death, for there was an Afridi marksman who covered the opening with his Martini, and had the range so perfectly that he could unerringly hit even a running target, which was what each man of us became when we had to spring past. We knew how great the peril was when we tried to clear the chasm. Crack went the rifle, and the bullet whizzed through the cleft and across the pass.

"That's a warm corner to tackle!" we shouted, and how our blood tingled with the excitement and sport of it! It was a case of sprinting—and escaping with a whole skin if we could. A few of us got safely past; then came a man named Guard—one-eyed he was, too, having lost an eye through the folly of a comrade who threw a fork at him.

He dashed past the danger-zone, but not so fast that the bullet did not wing him. He was wounded in the back, and fell, and I never heard a fellow swear so terribly in all my life—which for a soldier is saying a good deal.

We rushed up and pulled him away. Later on he was got upon a stretcher, and lived to be invalided out of the service, but I never saw him again. Guard's case was rare, especially as his lost eye was the right one, which meant that he had to learn to fire his rifle from the left shoulder.

I myself got safely past the cleft—but I had a narrow enough shave. The potter saw me, and his bullet struck a pebble on the ground at my feet, and sent a splinter of stone which drew blood from my ear.

Other men had to pass the risky spot, but not all of them got through. One case especially there was which dwells in my memory, that of a captain of a mountain battery. He made his dash, and was mortally wounded.

True it is that the opening was only a few feet wide, but the marksman was not more than about five hundred yards away, and

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I myself got safely past the cleft—but I had a narrow enough shave.

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as a Martini bullet sped more than a thousand yards a second there was time enough for the shot of death to be dispatched. But what an eye and nerve and swiftness the unseen potter had! He remained invisible to the end, hiding in some crevice from which we could not rout him. We blazed away at him when we were at the top of the hill; but while we were firing he never answered—he was too crafty to reveal his position, and we never so much as got a sight of him.

I and my comrades were the very first to reach the crest, and there we remained until we were relieved by another regiment which took over the outpost duties. From that great height we could see our army coming up the pass, and it was one of the finest sights I ever saw.

The winning of the Sampagha Pass was only the beginning of incessant toil and fighting. Thence we went into the Mastura Valley and had plenty of excitement again in burning the villages of the hillmen, as part of their punishment. As we advanced they retired, hurrying away to the refuge of other passes—and Tirah is a land of mountains.

The burning was easy enough as a rule, the houses being built of wicker and mud, with a strong stone tower as a rallying and fighting point. The towers were blown up with gun-cotton without difficulty, but the Engineers had a very tough job in destroying the houses, because of the yielding nature of the stuff of which they were made—some of them seemed to stretch like rubber. It was wonderfully grand and impressive to watch the villages burn in the darkness, and a sad sight, too, because poor as these huts were, still they were the hillmen's homes. But war is war, and there can be no half measures when you are inflicting punishment. Besides, the responsibility is on other shoulders.

When the Afridis saw that we were coming, they adopted their usual plan of removing their women to a place of safety. I never saw the face of an Afridi woman, and seldom a woman herself. The faces of the women, of course, were covered in Mohammedan fashion; but the girls' features were not, and I sometimes saw these young creatures, who, naturally, had the curiosity to come and look at us. To my astonishment they were almost white, and many of them quite good looking. At another time, when we were fighting, we heard the screams and wails of the women-folk, who had been taken round the corner of one of the hills into a place of safety, out of the way of fire; but of the women themselves I saw nothing.

Before the villages were burnt, we sent parties in to collect forage for the horses, and poor stuff it was, too—remains of sugar-cane, and so on. We tried to make beds out of looted dried grass, but we soon learnt that the bare, hard-frozen ground was infinitely better than this stuff. Hillmen are not specially clean, in spite of the teachings of their particular religion, and the grass swarmed with loathsome vermin. That was one of the most terrible inflictions of the war, and many of us endured unspeakable torture from the attentions of insects. In this respect I was most unlucky, because my spare kit was lost with a looted convoy, and I had to go from start to finish of the war with only one shirt and one kit generally.

My heaviest loss, though, was a number of tins of tobacco which I had bought at Peshawar and which fell into the Afridis' hands with my other treasures, and you may know what that means when I tell you that the British soldier used to stalk any officer who was smoking a cigar or cigarette as stealthily as the hillmen stalked our sentries—in the hope of getting the end when the smoker had finished with the weed. But the astonishing thing was that these particular "fags" seemed to have no end at all, and I often used to wonder how the smoker's mouth bore the heat of the thing. But the British officer is a splendid war comrade, and often enough one would deny himself, and perform the heart-breaking task of throwing away a stump so that some craving Tommy could get a glorious whiff. Of course, there is no denying that campaigning teaches you how to make a little go a selfish long way.

With my kit I lost my small-book. Not long afterwards, a battalion was passing our camp when one of their men shouted: "Anybody there of the name of Sullivan?" He threw my book as he spoke, and I have it still. They had found it where the Afridis had left it. I should have been far more obliged to the hillmen if they had spared my tobacco or a shirt. Oh, that lost precious weed! The want of it was so acute that even now, nearly ten years after, I sometimes smoke furiously to make up for lost enjoyment.

Another bit of hard luck occurred about our fires. One night, when we were village burning, we were allowed to take away some of the wood and make fires in our camp. Nothing pleased the hillmen better. We made a splendid target, and they sent bullets amongst us so plentifully that the embers were scattered like fireworks. We preferred

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So the running fight was waged, to be ended by Ghoorka killing his antagonist.

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the cold, I can tell you, and the fires were put out instantly. That was the first and last time we had them.

To give you some idea of our general and inevitable hardships, I may mention that those of my regiment who had lost their kits had the greatest difficulty in keeping themselves clean. Often enough I had to take off my shirt to wash it, and the instant it came out of the water it froze like a board. Hard luck again—but we got used to hard luck in those bleak hills.

Even in time of war there are funny incidents—although you do not quite appreciate the humour of them when they happen. One intensely dark night I was posted as a double sentry at a very lonely place. Double sentry, as you know, means that two men are put where one is usually placed, so that they may have more nerve and confidence. Besides the double sentries there were "group" sentries—half-a-dozen men together. My own group was posted under some trees, and four of them rested on the ground while two watched—all of them ready instantly to spring to arms.

Now it happened to be a pitch dark night, and my mate had been shifted to a spot where I could not see him, although he was quite near; nor could I get so much as a glimpse of the group, although I could see their trees. I am not a bigger coward than most men, but my courage was sorely tested, and I imagined all sorts of dreadful things—especially that Afridis were crawling up to slay me—and I had not the slightest wish to die.

Picture my position—total isolation, as it seemed, because I could not see either my own mate or the "group" sentries. I knew that both were very near, yet for any comfort their company gave me they might just as well have been miles away. My imagination, for the first and last time in all my days of soldiering, ran riot, and I fancied that I saw and heard the most amazing things.

I was positive that in the darkness I beheld suspicious figures moving towards me, and —yes, there was no doubt whatever in my mind about it—I distinctly heard the click of a Martini breech, opened and shut to admit a cartridge. There was a rustling of the leaves, too, and I will frankly confess that I do not know which trembled most—the leaves or me. What would have been the climax I cannot tell, but just when my nerves could endure the strain no longer, and when I must have cried aloud or fired my rifle, I had the midnight mystery explained—some prowling dogs had come suddenly upon me —dogs which, without barking, had been grubbing in the garbage. I breathed a sigh of thankfulness that I had not made a fool of myself.

Day and night that tense strain was unrelieved, but the darkness was the hardest time to bear. You never knew what terrors were hidden from you at the hands of savages, whose movements were more like those of wild animals than human beings.

Never shall I forget how near I was one night to creating a panic and covering myself with ridicule and shame, which would have been more ignominious than the episode of the prowling dogs.

Again I was on sentry on a lonely post—not that there was anything new in that in a land where every post was a point of death and danger. It was intensely dark, and I could see nothing. At such time, in such places, eyes and ears become unnaturally active and the slightest sounds are magnified. But there was no mistaking the fact that some strange object was approaching me—no doubt whatever that I heard a suspicious noise.

I challenged into the still night. "Halt! Who comes there?" and presented my rifle.

No answer came, and I did what I was not forced to do—challenged again and awaited a reply. Still there was no response, and I was just about to pull the trigger when the mystery was made clear.

The creature of the gloom stood revealed —and what do you suppose it was? A wandering donkey that was blundering about in the darkness! I did not waste a shot on a wretched beast like that—I hurled a stone and a few words, and he bolted—and ten to one scared some other lonely soldier who was doing sentry-go. It is grotesque, of course, but there might easily have been a tragedy if I had fired—a sudden panic, in which our soldiers might have fired into and killed each other. And all on account of a stupid ass!

One particularly striking incident of the campaign stands out in my memory like a photograph as I speak. It was a duel—a real, thrilling duel to the death between two of the boldest and most determined combatants you could have—a Ghoorka and an Afridi. The Ghoorka was retiring down a pass, and it was his fate to be marked as a prey by a pursuing hillman. Each was a master in the art of fighting in the mountains, and so each took full advantage of every scrap of shelter that was offered. Any stone, any recess—scraps of refuge that a British soldier would not have

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looked at—gave protection to the fighters, and it was astonishing to see how seldom they exposed themselves.

The odds were obviously against the Ghoorka, who was flying for his life, because he was forced from time to time to show himself more or less on open ground, while the hillman who was potting him had the advantage of being able to keep longer under shelter. It was a long business for the Ghoorka to get out of range of the covering Martini.

But not even an Afridi could wing that lithe and agile figure which was out and down the hill like a flash, almost as swiftly, it seemed, as the pursuing bullet. He was hidden afresh almost before you could guess that he had left his last place of shelter. Sometimes, recklessly, he would drop on his knee, and aiming up the pass to the spot where he suspected his opponent to be, fire, then dart to cover before the hillman dare show himself. Then he would rush forth again and win a few more paces on his perilous journey, with a bullet pinging into the earth and throwing dust about him.

Almost breathlessly I watched—who could witness a more sensational drama than this stern struggle to the death, wondering who would win?

Ghoorka fired again, Afridi answered with a puff and flash, followed by the echoing crack; and so the running fight was waged, to be ended by Ghoorka killing his antagonist, making him at last show himself fully for an instant as he gave his death leap in the air, and the victor rejoined us, triumphant and unscathed, entering camp to roars of British cheering.

During the war there were some marvellous escapes from death, but I think the closest shave was that of one of our men who was fighting an Afridi. The hillman raised his sword, and slash it fell on the helmet, cutting it into two clean pieces; but the soldier was not injured. The helmet was kept for quite a long time as a curiosity.

For six months incessantly we had fought and suffered in the hills; then we marched away, having conquered and taught the necessary lesson, and glad enough we were to leave the passes and the valleys to their own people.

Not long afterwards I was fighting in South Africa, and went through many of the hardships of that long campaign; but, believe me, the sufferings and dangers there were child's play in comparison with that campaign against the tribesmen in those dreary, lonely hills which British soldiers had not trodden till we stormed and took them.

WHAT "MISCELLANEOUS" MEANS.

(The Lament of Jones minor.)

When I asked Mr. Brown, to-day,
The meaning of a word in spelling
('Twas *miscellaneous*, by the way),
He bullied me instead of telling!
"Why, Jones," said he in accents slow,
Staring as hard as he was able,
"What makes your pockets bulge out so?
Just empty them upon my table!"

Of course I said, "There's nothing much,"
But he seemed greatly interested;
His curiosity was such
I had to do as he suggested:
My marble bag, not extra clean,
Was fastened to a piece of leather—
A lump of beeswax in between
Had stuck the stupid things together.

My handkerchief contained some bait,
And so, perhaps, 'twas rather dirty,
But scarcely in "a shocking state,"
And there *weren't* "dozens"—only thirty!
Cow-parsley, too—that is a thing
I seldom have; 'tis *not* "my habit
To go out market-gardening!"
'Twas just a mouthful for my rabbit.

My pocket-knife came next to view,
Some string, a whistle, and a penny;
Of comic papers just a few,
Of foreign stamps—well, hardly any!
Then Mr. Brown said: "That will do
From *miscellaneous!* Jones, take warning;
To-day you've only emptied two—
We'll have the lot another morning!"

John Gambril Nicholson.

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TWO PICTURES.

I.

When father spanks the baby,
  The house is in a whirl;
On every flight of stairs you sight
  Some half-distracted girl:
First, Jane Matilda—twenty-one;
Next, May, whose hair's half plait, half bun;
    And then comes Kate,
    Who's just twice eight;
    Last, Beatrix,
    Aged double six.
Salt tears drip scalding from their eyes,
In chorus shrill their voices rise.
Above them all you hear mamma,
Who shrieks, on tip-top C, "Papa!—!—!"
In agony, with thump and knock
She tries in vain to force the lock
That keeps out petticoat and frock
  While father spanks the baby.
"Oh, cruel brute, hard-hearted man!"
They cry. "I wonder how he can
So treat our sweet, our darling pet—
For, sure, he's but a baby yet."

You picture baby? Cherub fair
With angel eyes and golden hair?
Seraphic sprite in infant frocks,
A "Holy Innocent" in socks?
Ah, no! Last year the imp was "britched";
His torn trews nightly must be stitched.
A saint-provoking pickle, he
Must all day long in mischief be,
And—tell it not, lest angels weep
He's never good but when asleep.

To-day a wooden boat he made,
He used papa's best razor-blade;
And that was why Dad thought it high
  Time someone spanked the baby.
But he's his mother's only boy,
Four doting sisters' pride and joy;
Hence every girl's hair's out of curl,
  When father spanks the baby.

II.

When mother spanks the baby,
  Calm holds the house supreme,
    No doors are locked,
    No girls are shocked,
  No tears down fair cheeks stream.
The infant wonders what he's done—
He only played a little fun,
  Which mother did annoy.
She happens out of sorts to be,
It counts for nothing now that he
  Is mother's only boy.
Four sisters calmly hear him roar—
Dear mother's spanked them all before—
  They pity not his plight.
It's only what the brat deserves,
And so they quietly say: "It serves
  The little torment right."

I met the babe an hour ago
And, stricken by his look of woe,
  I asked why he felt sad?
He raised his big blue eyes to mine
And answered with a tearful whine:
  "Because Ma isn't Dad."

Karl Klaxton.

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A Common Complaint.

The Story of What Resulted from an Attack of Measles.

By Mabel C. Urch.

I.

All night I tossed and turned with an unpleasant consciousness of pain and discomfort. If I dozed I dreamt at once that some officious, though doubtless well-meaning, person, was applying stinging-nettles to various parts of my body, and when, after waking from that pleasing vision for about the twentieth time, I heard the clock in the hall strike seven, I crawled out of bed, and made my way somewhat dizzily to the bathroom.

It was a glorious June morning, and as the fresh air on the landing revived me, I began to think that I should soon entirely recover from the effects of my sleepless night; after all, it was not an infrequent occurrence with me, the last, and by no means the strongest, of the Mortimer family, which had never had much health to boast of since two of them were racked for their faith within an inch of their lives in the days of the "Virgin Queen." But as I opened the bathroom door I chanced to catch sight of my face in a looking-glass hanging on the wall, and I started back in dismay; usually my complexion is singularly devoid of colour, and has even been described by candid friends as "sallow," but now it was one mass of bright red spots, and my neck, so far as I could see, was in the same condition. I cautiously turned down the collar of my pyjamas, and made the joyful discovery that my chest and shoulders were also smothered with the thick scarlet rash. With a gasp I returned to my room, and, remembering my dream, murmured comfortingly to myself: "Nettle-rash!" I had never had it, but I knew that it might soon be got over, and at least it was not infectious.

I lay down again, and rang the bell for my man, an old servant who had nursed me through more illnesses than I should care to count. He came at once, gave me one glance, then said quietly:

"I'll send for Dr. Lane, Sir Gerald."

"Oh, it's probably nothing, but perhaps you'd better—I do feel a bit shaky, and I must get out of town to-day!"

"Yes, Sir Gerald." His face was as immovable as a piece of wood, but as he turned to leave the room he pulled the bed-clothes a little higher, saying in explanation: "It's best to keep as warm as possible, sir!"

No doubt he was perfectly right, even in the case of nettle-rash, but why would a vague and unpleasant memory of an epidemic at school which I had narrowly escaped keep returning to my mind? I shut my eyes irritably, telling myself they were sore and painful after my long vigil, but in my heart

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I knew I did not want to keep them open, because on every wall of the room, to say nothing of the ceiling, I seemed to see the word "measles."

The doctor soon appeared—he is an old friend, and, like my stolid man-servant, is fairly well acquainted with the vagaries and illnesses of the Mortimer family. He made a very short examination—by this time I felt, and I imagine, looked, like a boiled lobster. Then he sat down and began to laugh.

"Not much doubt as to what's wrong with you, Sir Gerald; you're suffering from the common complaint of measles." Then he added more seriously: "You'll have to be careful; it's no joke at your age—let's see, you're thirty-two, aren't you?"

Well, I was, but he needn't have reminded me of it. I nodded and asked sharply: "When shall I be about again?"

"Hum—well, I'm afraid it will take some weeks!"

"My dear sir, I'm going to be married in a fortnight."

He laughed again. "I'm very sorry, Sir Gerald, there's no doubt about the impossibility of that! Now you must make up your mind not to worry. Keep quiet and warm, and we'll soon pull you through! Everybody has measles sooner or later!"

He went out of the room still chuckling, but I heard him giving Morgan many directions on the landing. I lay and thought things which may not be said here—it might be true that everybody had measles sooner or later, but mine had come decidedly later, and could scarcely have arrived at a more awkward time. I pictured the notices in the papers: "The marriage between Sir Gerald Mortimer and Miss Agatha Dorrington has been unavoidably postponed, as Sir Gerald is, we regret to say, confined to his house in London with an attack of measles."

In spite of myself I laughed; it was such a ridiculous, childish sort of complaint, and my friends had fallen into a way of expecting to hear of sensational complications when I took to my bed—I imagined their derisive pity this time.

Morgan came in again with my letters—there was one from Agatha. I screwed my eyeglass into my eye with some difficulty—my cheeks seemed to be at least twice their usual size—and read the beautifully-written effusion. Agatha was always neat; sometimes I wished she would have a few little human weaknesses like untidiness or inaccuracy, but I was probably unreasonable—she very often told me so. This time she wrote—in what was for her a strain of intense enthusiasm—concerning a marvellous lecturer who had been addressing meetings in Folkestone. She had motored in twice from her home, ten miles away, to hear him, and was convinced that he had discovered the only theory of real happiness—she was simply longing to convert me to the same belief. I felt that nothing but a sudden and complete cure for measles would convert me to anything; and besides, from what I could gather, this new teacher seemed merely to have taken what appealed to him from the statements of all the so-called religious and philosophical quacks of the last twenty years, and added them to various pleasing, if hopelessly illogical, theories of his own; but there again my future bride would doubtless have described me as "unreasonable."

She did not refer to our approaching marriage, but that did not surprise me, as she had never been more than mildly satisfied with the prospect—the understanding, which had been growing up between us since childhood, had been brought about mainly by our respective families, and I had drifted into an engagement, and found my wedding-day fixed, without any very active proceedings on my own part.

Well, the wedding would have to be unavoidably postponed. I rang the bell again for Morgan, and gave him a long list of telegrams to be sent off; then resigned myself as best I could to the misery and discomfort, proving conclusively before many hours had passed that Dr. Lane was right, and that in my case, at any rate, measles was going to be no joke.

Agatha's preoccupation with the would-be philosophical lecturer was, after all, not without its uses—it would keep her occupied; and somehow I did not feel inclined to be jealous—for one thing I found measles a tremendously absorbing complaint; it seemed to have a way of finding out all your weak points, and then settling there.

II.

"Well, now, this really looks better; we shall soon be able to send you off to that wedding of yours," Dr. Lane said cheerily, when he found me sitting up in a big armchair one day.

The worst was certainly over, and my complexion had resumed its ordinary colourless appearance, but my temper had suffered severely, and, moreover, I was beginning to think from Agatha's letters that she was

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consoling herself a little too well with that confounded lecturer. Of course, I couldn't write to her—even disinfected letters would have given her mother a fit, and I couldn't very well send a wire saying that I disapproved of her obviously somewhat violent attachment to Dr. Theodore de Burgh. So I merely sat and waited, but I wasn't particularly keen on the subject of my wedding, and I didn't answer the doctor's remark.

"Measles seem to be attacking this street," he said, taking a chair near me. "It's a curious thing, but one of your next-door neighbours is suffering from that same unpleasant complaint."

"What! One of the Miss Lonsdales? They're even older than I am!"

Dr. Lane laughed.

"No, no; but a little niece of Mrs. Lonsdale's who has come to live with them—she arrived the day before you were taken ill, and was going away to the country with them; but their plans, like yours, were suddenly upset, for she woke up feeling seedy, as you did, and by the afternoon had developed measles! The whole family decamped, and she's left there with a hospital nurse and her own maid who came with her."

"Poor little thing!" said I, trying to appear interested in order to make up for my former grumpiness—the doctor is really a very good friend of mine. "Is she very bad?"

"No; she's having it very lightly—she's a good deal luckier than you, though I must own you've got through it better than I expected! Of course, she's younger!"

I grunted ungratefully, but when he had gone I began to think of that poor child, left practically alone next door, and to wonder how old she was—perhaps if you are only twelve, and like jellies and so on, you can still enjoy measles—I believe the fellows at Westminster used to think it was great sport.

I took up Agatha's last letter and read it again. I did wish she wouldn't always write to me as if I were merely a necessary part of her personal property, like her dressing-case or her boot-trees. Of course, I knew I belonged to her; but— And why couldn't she write a single line without dragging in that idiotic lecturer?

I tore the letter up viciously and went to sleep.

A few days later I was allowed to go out on the balcony, very much muffled up, and lie in a long chair. Dr. Lane had warned Morgan very seriously against letting me run any risks of a chill, consequently I was so smothered in wraps that I could hardly breathe. It was a blazing summer day, and I protested feebly, but on these occasions Morgan is master, and I might have saved myself the trouble.

However, it was very pleasant out there, and I must have dozed a little, for when I opened my eyes after a time there was another long chair with its back towards me on the balcony next door, and a hospital nurse was talking to someone lying in it, of whom all I could see was the top of a head covered with waving, golden-brown hair. Presently the nurse went indoors, and I turned to the last new magazine again. Then I heard a long-drawn sigh, and after a pause an exceptionally sweet voice called:

"Nurse!"

There was no answer, and a moment later the call was repeated.

"Nurse, are you there? What *is* the time?"

Still no response, and a petulant "Bother!" and a sudden movement of the chair warned me that the poor child wanted to know the time so badly that she was going indoors to see.

It seemed brutal to let her do that—besides, judging by her voice, she was probably a nice little girl—so I consulted my watch, and then said:

"It's just half-past three, dear."

She turned quickly in her chair, and looked at me round the back of it, and behold! she wasn't a child at all, but a young lady of about nineteen, with an exquisite little face and a pair of laughing, dark blue eyes.

"Oh!" she said; then after a pause: "Thank you very much!"

We looked at one another a moment longer and both burst out laughing.

"Is it really only half-past three?" she said, standing up and facing me. "Oh, aren't you bored? I've never been so bored in all my life!"

"I felt much the same—till half-past three," said I smiling.

The cushions had ruffled her hair, and she looked charming as she stood there, her hands thrust into the pockets of the long white coat she was wrapped in.

She laughed again, and sat down on the broad stone coping of her balcony.

"You've had—measles, haven't you?" she asked.

"Yes; so have you, I believe! I hope you're getting on well."

She looked the picture of radiant health.

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She looked the picture of radiant health, and made me feel a gaunt and haggard scarecrow.

and made me feel a gaunt and haggard scarecrow.

"I've scarcely been ill at all," she said, "but, of course, that doesn't make any difference to the infection."

"And it's equally boring," said I.

She glanced suddenly at my hands, which somewhat resembled birds' claws.

"You've been really ill, though," she said, and as her eyes grew sympathetic they seemed to darken in a way which made them more wonderful than ever. "Dr. Lane told me!"

"He probably also told you I ought to expect it at my age," said I grimly; and she flushed, and laughed again.

"Is your head bad? Would you rather not talk?" she asked.

"On the contrary, I am dying to talk and to hear you talk," I answered. "I am utterly sick of reading, and my man, though excellent as a nurse, is by no means brilliant as a conversationalist."

"My nurse is like that, too," she murmured; then: "I'm afraid you must have been even more disgusted with the measles than I was. I'm so sorry about your wedding. I saw the notice in the paper, and Dr. Lane told me, too!"

"He seems to have told you a good deal," said I. Then as she looked distressed: "Not that I mind in the least—and it's kind of you to take an interest in me at all."

"You took an interest in me," she said with a demure little smile, and it was my turn to flush hotly as I thought of the grapes and the two big picture-books which in a moment of sympathy one day I had told Morgan to order "for the little girl next door."

"I thought you were about twelve from what Dr. Lane said," I murmured, and her laugh rang out again.

"It was perfectly sweet of you, but really I'm much too old to have measles—Dr. Lane says I'm very lucky to have got off so lightly. I'm nearly nineteen!"

"Really?"

And I had very nearly sent her a doll! I certainly should have done so if I had thought Morgan capable of buying one.

"I've been living abroad with my cousin," she went on, "but she died a few months ago, and I had to come here to Aunt Matilda."

"You've had a peculiarly lively experience to begin with," said I. "Were Mrs. Lonsdale and her daughters afraid of the measles?"

"Yes—and—and they seemed rather glad

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I thought, to leave me behind! Of course, I may be wrong, but I don't think they wanted me to go with them on their holiday!"

I quite believed her—there are three Miss Lonsdales, all very plain and dull, and their mother is working appallingly hard to get them married.

"There's nurse coming!" She whisked back into her chair. "Good-bye, fellow-sufferer."

"Good-bye, Lady Sunshine," said I, and was rewarded by a little ripple of laughter.

After that we had several talks on our balconies, and at last one afternoon I suggested that as the square garden was entirely empty, and we could scarcely spread infection among the London sparrows, we might take a walk there for a change.

She was delighted. I had found out her real name by now—Betty Lauderdale—but I clung to my own title for her—"Lady Sunshine"; it was certainly eminently suitable.

I was not getting back my strength at all quickly, and Dr. Lane was beginning to talk of the necessity for a complete change—he even hinted at a long voyage; but my lively little neighbour was practically well, and her nurse had gone, leaving her with the faithful old servant who had come with her from Italy.

We spent some very pleasant afternoons in that quiet old square garden—and somehow I didn't want to think about my wedding, or even Agatha—both seemed out of place in this peaceful, sunshiny world I had stepped into through the prickly hedge of the measles.

Agatha still wrote frequently, but I thought I detected a less patronising, almost an apologetic note in her letters, and she mentioned Dr. Theodore de Burgh no more—perhaps she felt ashamed of herself. To tell the truth, I neither knew nor cared. Dr. Lane was always telling me not to worry, and as I considered he knew his business, I did my utmost to obey him. It was not very difficult, I found; the old garden was extremely pleasant, and my companion was—well, she was "Lady Sunshine."

III.

I was at last pronounced out of quarantine, and when Dr. Lane had gone I walked leisurely across the road to where Betty sat waiting for me in the garden, she also being free once more.

I had astonished the good doctor by the wild exuberance of my spirits that morning, even before he had pronounced me a prisoner no longer; but he had gone away in the end, satisfied that it was the thought of my speedy marriage which had so exhilarated me.

"But you must get your bride to take you away for a thorough holiday," he had said; "you haven't gained strength as you ought—you really must go on that long sea-voyage we've talked about. Does she like the sea?"

"I don't know," said I cautiously.

"Don't know! Why, you ought to know all her tastes by now! Well, good-bye. I'll see you once again before you go. A voyage, or something like it, you *must* have."

I shook hands with him, and then, as I have said, I went to Betty. She looked up with a smile, but I assumed an expression of the deepest woe.

"Oh, what *is* the matter?" she exclaimed. "Are you worse?"

"I've had a great shock," I answered, flinging myself down on the grass beside her chair. "I want all your sympathy. Lady Sunshine, I am not going to be married to Miss Dorrington after all!"

"Not going to be married? Oh, how dreadful for you! I *am* so sorry."

"I'm glad you are," said I thoughtfully; "someone ought to be; circumstances and decency demand it."

"But it is terrible!" cried Betty. "What can have happened?"

"She loves another," said I; "in fact, she loves him so well that she—the most correct and well-behaved of young women—has broken through the bounds of decency, and eloped with him! So do all one's youngest and most cherished illusions perish—Lady Sunshine, you see before you a disappointed cynic!"

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a low voice.

"I don't know; the correct thing would be a revolver, I believe, but the doctor recommends a sea-voyage so strongly that I feel inclined—but enough of my dreary concerns. Where are you going for change of air?"

"That is also slightly dreary," she answered, with a sigh. "Apparently my aunt and cousins don't want me with them; so I am to go to an old, old aunt I have never seen, who lives in a little tiny village on the Welsh coast!"

"How rollicking!" said I. "The world is not treating us in the way we might expect, considering the virtuous lives we have led, Lady Sunshine."

"Oh, mine is nothing; but yours—oh, that is a real trouble. I *am* so sorry!"

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You mean—you're not sorry yourself?" she gasped.

"As I said before, it is well someone should be," said I, moving a little in order to be able to see her face.

She had kept her eyes turned away from me—I suppose from delicacy, since I had told her my news—now something in my voice made her turn, and she saw that I was laughing.

"You mean—you're not sorry yourself?" she gasped, and the colour flew into her face as I came a little nearer and took both her hands in my own.

"No, Lady Sunshine, not a bit; and, honestly, are you?"

And then it was just as well that the man who planted the trees round that garden had decided to make a good thick hedge. I have sometimes wondered since whether he himself had occasionally felt the need of a little privacy in his own life, and so had provided for future generations; in any case, he was a benefactor to Betty and me.

* * * *

"Shall you really have to go a voyage?" Betty asked me about an hour late

"Well, Dr. Lane was emphatic on the subject; but I don't see going away to leave you behind, dear."

"But he wants you to start at once, doesn't he?"

"Well, he said directly I was married. By Jove, Lady Sunshine!" I stood still in the middle of the lawn and stared at her; obviously she thought I had a touch of the sun, for she said soothingly:

"Come into the shade, dear; it's baking here!"

"Never mind the shade," said I; "there isn't going to be any in our lives any more. Just listen to me, sweetheart. Special license—St. Peter's Church—the vicar is a great friend of mine—catch the *Intermediate* to South Africa Saturday, and wire to everybody from Southampton! Any objections?"

"But—Aunt Matilda?" said Betty, though her eyes were beginning to dance with excitement.

"Hang Aunt Matilda! No, I don't mean that; but you say she doesn't want you, and she won't mind your marrying me—I'm quite respectable. We'll shop together, and Dr. Lane shall give you away. I've no people to tell, except my stepmother and a sister who disapproves of me so intensely that she never speaks to me unnecessarily; therefore that's all right. Now, will you, darling?"

We explained the situation to the doctor as well as we could, and, though we were both somewhat incoherent, he understood fairly quickly, and readily promised to give Betty away.

After a bit he turned to go.

"Good-bye," he said with a chuckle. "I've wondered sometimes lately what the result would be of a Mortimer having an ordinary complaint like measles. But I own that even I did not expect anything quite so startling in the way of after-effects."

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TODDLETOES

This is little Toddletoes,
Thro' the house all day he goes;
Climbing up and down the stairs,
Coming on you unawares.
Peeping thro' from every place
Comes his little merry face;
Like a beam of light he goes—
Merry little Toddletoes.

Saucy little Toddletoes,
By the bedroom door he goes;
When he thinks I'm coming by,
Springs out on me with a cry:
Then I give a little scream,
And so very frightened seem;
Off with laugh and shout he goes—
Merry little Toddletoes.

Funny little Toddletoes,
Such a lot of things he knows—
Where the sugar-cake is kept,
Where last night the pussy slept.
And so many things he tells,
That are known to no one else.
Full his fount of knowledge flows—
Knowing little Toddletoes.

When the Western sunset glows,
Off goes little Toddletoes;
Climbs up to his little bed,
On the pillow lays his head.
Shut within his cradle warm,
Safe and free from every harm,
Who knows where his fancy goes—
Sleepy little Toddletoes.

Frank Ellis.

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A Strange Pilgrimage

Among the pilgrims who throng to the Holy Land at Eastertide are large numbers of Copts, or native Egyptian Christians, who eagerly plunge into the muddy waters of the Jordan.

The Devout Russian Peasant's Great Ambition is to Make a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land and Bathe in the Jordan.
This Article Describes Such a Pilgrimage.

By Rev. John Bancroft Devins, D.D.

No other country in the world has so many holy associations for so large a section of mankind, no other land is spoken of with such universal reverence as the territory towards which Christian and Jew, Roman Catholic, Greek, and Moslem turn longingly. No other land is equally sacred to so many classes of religious people. In no other country can be found pilgrims from so many lands near and far.

It is Easter time in the Holy Land. For weeks the ports of Haifa and Jaffa, principally the latter, have been receiving Russian pilgrims. "Rough but believing Russia" may be engaged in the struggle of the century for supremacy in the Orient; the Empire may seemingly be rent in twain by strife within her own borders; but nothing daunts the zeal of the people who, for a decade or two, or even three, have been endeavouring to tread the soil made for ever sacred by the footprints of their Saviour.

The immigration, though temporary, of thousands of pilgrims into a town so small as Jerusalem, with its lack of order, discipline, and foresight, would entail many serious discomforts were it not directed and controlled. Fortunately the movement *is* admirably directed, and every detail is arranged as carefully and as minutely as if the travellers were paying a great deal more than the thirty-six roubles (less than £4) which are deposited in Odessa before they leave the homeland.

The Imperial Orthodox Society of Palestine, founded nearly sixty years ago for the encouragement of pilgrimages, has built up a colony on the north-west side of Jerusalem in an excellent situation near the Russian

Most zealous of all are the simple Russian peasants who flock in thousands to Jaffa, and trudge thence to the Jordan in clumsy cowhide boots, clad in heavy winter clothes, and burdened with food and bedding.

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Consulate. Hospices for single men and women and also for families have been provided. There are also a handsome cathedral, a hospital stores for the selling of provisions and other articles to the visitors, and the offices of the Society, where the return tickets for Odessa are deposited for safe-keeping, and where guides and other assistants are provided.

The guides or "cawasses" of the society look after the visitors during their entire stay, usually of three months, accompanying them in their journeys into the interior of the country.

The cawasses are Dalmatians and Montenegrins, generally of splendid physique and dressed in their dignified costumes. Prior to long expeditions, like that from Jerusalem to Nazareth for instance, the pilgrims undergo a medical inspection. They are preceded and followed by mounted cawasses, armed with cutlass and revolver, and accompanied by a priest, a doctor, a sister of charity, and others; also by an ambulance, a hospital tent, and reserve animals for emergencies. The advance guard arranges for their food and housing, while those in the rear protect the party.

In Nazareth we first met the pilgrims from the land of the Tsar, but not in large numbers; at Jaffa many more were seen, but we were behind the multitude—the peaceful invaders had already reached Jerusalem.

Pilgrims to Jordan have visited Jerusalem, and have there spread white cloth on the "Stone of Unction," cutting off pieces its exact length. These pieces are dipped in the Jordan, and preserved to form their owners' shrouds.

Throughout the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre pilgrims were kneeling, kissing rapturously, even passionately, the "Stone of Unction" upon which it is said the body of Jesus was laid when prepared for burial in Joseph's tomb.

The slab upon which torrents of kisses and tears are rained is of beautiful marble, red and pink mottled, and lies upon the real anointing stone. Not only is this stone one of the most sacred relics in the world, but it has also one interest unlike any other. Every day during their stay in Jerusalem the pilgrims may be seen at this stone with rolls of white cloth, which they lay upon the slab, cutting off pieces exactly its length. These pieces are dipped in the Jordan and preserved to be the burial shrouds of the owners.

From Jerusalem the pilgrims scatter in little bands to all parts of Palestine, proceeding to every shrine they can reach. Not alone at the Jordan Ford does one see them, but bathing in every sacred pool, drinking at every historic fountain, often approaching on hands and knees spots of special

In their haste to bathe in the Jordan, the pilgrims cast conventionality to the winds, run down to the stream, disrobing as they go, and dash in.

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Not a few of those who seek the Holy River are baptised in its waters, frequently with armed "cawasses" as interested spectators.

religious association, and crossing themselves and praying many times a day. They are encountered everywhere in little groups or in long caravans of pedestrians, sometimes with a donkey or two bearing all of the scanty luggage.

The pilgrims form an almost unbroken stream between Jerusalem and Jericho during the week following Easter. Often they may be seen, like the man "who fell among thieves" on the same highway, lying by the side of the road; this condition is not like his, because of a beating, but is due to excessive weariness. An hour's rest, a cup of tea, and a little hard bread refresh them, and on they go towards the waters of the Jordan.

Arriving at the river that Naaman disdained to enter when bidden by the prophet, the credulous pilgrims are led into the water "precisely as Jesus was," they are told by their guide. Having bathed in the Jordan a few rods above the historic "ford" which the Russians patronise, the writer is compelled to say that he fears if he had been Naaman, and had come from the rivers Abana and Pharpar, which flow through Damascus, he should have hesitated before intrusting himself to the muddy stream of Palestine.

One can get reasonably clean from a bath in the Jordan if he enters it before it has been used too much, and if he has a sufficient number of pails of clean water and an abundance of soap and towels. The mud that attaches to him as he slips and slides on the treacherous bottom of the river is very difficult to remove. The fact that there are no bathing houses, no large trees, and few high bushes, deters many tourists from indulging in the luxury that a traveller needs nowhere more than in Palestine.

But neither mud nor modesty disturbs the pilgrims. They are a religious, not a sanitary or reform mission; spiritual absolution, not physical ablution, is their goal. Often their zeal outruns their discretion, and stripping themselves before they reach the river, they plunge into its muddy current, ignorant of its dangers and reckless of the results.

The personal immersion concluded, pots and kettles brought from Russia, or secured in Jerusalem for the purpose, are filled with water from the river, blessed by priests, and carried home, thenceforth to be treated as "holy water."

After bathing, the Russian pilgrims take back Jordan water in pots, kettles, bottles, etc. This is used as Holy water, and forms a precious gift to those left at home.

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The Story of a Mistake in Houses.

"TEN minutes' walk from the railway-station, keep straight on down the main road; then take the first turning to the left, and mine is the fourth house on the right. Stands further back than the adjacent dwellings, and is surrounded by a high wall."

These were Weston's written directions, which were supplemented by a rough map of the neighbourhood. At one o'clock on the most unpropitious morning of my life, I stood beneath the last street lamp in Cragley Parish and studied the diagram carefully for the twentieth time. The train in which I had travelled from London to pay the long-deferred visit to my friend had arrived at Cragley exactly two hours behind scheduled time, owing to the derailment of a coal waggon near one of the principal stations, which had completely blocked the down line, and brought all the outgoing traffic to a standstill. The accident was all the more annoying in my case because I had foolishly decided to take Peter Weston by surprise, having acted upon one of those sudden impulses to which men—and particularly unmarried men—are peculiarly addicted.

So my whim had carried me seventy miles away from Temple Chambers, and had landed me in a strange, miserable neighbourhood in the early hours of a particularly chilly September morning! I should have to knock Weston up, of course; he would come down to open the door with a lighted candle in his hand and black rage in his heart; and the wife of his bosom would be lurking nervously in the shadows above, with words of warning on her lips, while Peter noisily fumbled with the bolts of the hall door.

My imagination presented this grotesque picture to me as I studied Peter's tiny map, and I realised that a surprise visit of this kind was about the most idiotic practical joke that ever occurred to the mind of man. However, there could be no turning back now. I must either face Peter Weston in his pyjamas and frowns, or else be prepared to spend the remainder of the dark hours before dawn in the cold comfort of the open country—and the country hereabouts was particularly "open"! I wondered how Weston managed to exist in such a bleak and desolate spot.

Well, here was the first turning to the left—the solitary street lamp showed me that much—and Weston's house probably stood somewhere in the inky darkness just ahead. I groped my way carefully across the road, and counted the gates of the dwellings as my outstretched hand encountered them.

One—two—three—four. This must be Weston's place. Yes, here is the high wall,

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and the house probably stands further back than does its immediate neighbours—it is too dark, unfortunately, to verify this unimportant point. All lights out, of course! Garden resembles a ploughed field, but Weston never was much of a gardener. Might have made a decent path to the hall door, though—perhaps I'm off the line and walking over his choicest beds! Ah! here is the door at last! A very massive arrangement, too. They don't make such doors as this nowadays.

One moment! What shall I say when Weston appears? "Awfully sorry to disturb you, old man, but——" But what? I'll knock, and think about it afterwards. I'm suffering from stage fright—shall be all right when I'm "on."

I raised the knocker and it fell stiffly from my nerveless fingers, producing just the kind of warning which I desired. It was a mournful, apologetic knock; one which seemed to explain everything satisfactorily without any supplementary interference on my part. It did the "awfully sorry, old man," in one syllable. I waited expectantly, rehearsing what I considered to be a suitable expression with which to greet a hastily-awakened and pyjama-attired host, and praying fervently that Mrs. Weston might not have the temerity to accompany her husband to the street door.

Apparently, my timid knock had not penetrated to the upper regions. The ivy leaves, stirred by a gentle breeze, rustled against the walls, but no other sound broke the uncanny silence.

I repeated the summons in a higher key, and this time the knocker was not quite so apologetic. Its voice resounded through the house like a couple of pistol shots. It resembled the preliminary warning of the policeman who wishes to inform a somnolent householder that there is a bonfire well alight on his dining-room hearthrug.

Thoroughly ashamed of having unwittingly conveyed this erroneous impression, I endeavoured to contradict it by producing a series of reassuring thumps, discreetly muffled with my forefinger, and expressive of genuine sorrow and regret. Then I stepped back into the garden and stood gazing anxiously up at the first floor windows. If Weston had heard my complicated appeal he had evidently decided to ignore it entirely, for no welcome light appeared from within the house.

The low growl of a dog greeted my third and final application for admission. I was quite desperate by this time, and I called the dog loudly by name, hoping that he would bark and so arouse the sleepy household to a sense of its responsibilities. Pat was an Irish terrier, and a very old friend of mine. I could hear him growl again as I struck a match and started away on a prospecting tour towards the back of the house.

By the light of the wax vesta I found a side door which bore the ominous warning: "Beware of the Dog!" I laughed outright at this splendid piece of bluff on Weston's part. Pat was the most urbane and docile animal in the world. He would not have bitten a burglar in cold blood for all the bones in Christendom! Possibly Weston found the notice useful as a warning to tramps; but poor old Pat, who was London bred and born, would not know the difference between a tramp and a City policeman.

The side door was unbolted, and I passed into the shrubbery beyond, keeping the wall of the house on my right, and pausing to strike a fresh match at every dozen steps. Upon reaching the rear of the premises I was delighted to find that a light was burning brightly in one of the upper rooms. I could also see that the people within the room were very wide awake—they kept passing and repassing the window, throwing dark shadows as they moved to and fro on the ray of white light which flooded the orchard.

For a moment the joy of my discovery was marred by a horrible suspicion. Could it be that the impulse which had prompted this ill-timed visit of mine was rendered even more hideously tactless and fantastic by the presence of sickness in Peter's household? Had I arrived at two o'clock in the morning, with a fatuous smile on my face and a silly excuse on my lips, to find that some critical surgical operation was in progress?

The ghostly thought, which was suggested to me by the silently moving figures and the brilliant internal light, was speedily banished by another and much happier solution of the mystery.

Weston was enjoying a game of billiards!

He was an exceptionally brilliant player, and I remembered that in one of his recent letters he had mentioned that he intended to have one of the rooms provided with a billiard-table. Now he was entertaining a select circle of friends, and they were making a "long night" of it! I whistled lustily to attract his attention, but apparently he was so busy with his cue that he heard nothing beyond the musical rattle of the balls.

What a joke it would be if I could surreptitiously gain admission to the premises

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and surprise Weston in the middle of a record break! All my former misgivings vanished in an instant; I felt actually grateful to the Spirit of Mischief which had led me hither at such a time!

Our country cousins are proverbially careless so far as their window fastenings are concerned. Possibly Weston's six months' experience of rural life had already imbued him with a countryman's contempt for the delusive security of bolts and bars. The orthodox rustic is wont to declare that one good dog is worth more than a whole gross of window bolts and door chains; and the rural police-constable, whose beat covers an area of five miles or so, certainly backs up the householder in this respect.

The white circle . . . was shining full on my upturned face.

Weston's dwelling proved to be no exception to the rule, for the first window I "tried" was so insecurely bolted that the catch slipped back, with an alarming click, in response to a very gentle movement of the lower sash on my part. And now that the citadel which I had so easily taken by storm lay open before me, I felt strangely disinclined to take advantage of my initial success.

After all, what right had I to enter the house, even of my most intimate friend, like a thief in the night? I had no knowledge of the interior arrangements of the dwelling. What if I should fail to locate the position of the billiard-room, and inadvertently enter one of the apartments in which the children slept? I shrank back from the open window as these disturbing thoughts passed through my mind.

I could hear the dog growl again as I shook the wet loam off my feet. Good old Pat! I raised the window-sash gently and called him by name, feeling certain that he would recognise my voice, and, approaching with every manifestation of delight, allow me to caress his honest head. As these kindly

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overtures met with no audible response, however, I threw discretion to the wind, and sprang lightly on to the window sill.

My first thought as my feet touched the carpeted floor within was one of dismay, for my boots were heavily weighted with clay, and I felt that the atrocious nature of a particularly unconventional entrance was intensified by the unseemly appearance of my foot-wear. Although I could see nothing, for the room was as dark as a catacomb, I realised that the carpet on which I stood was unusually soft and thick.

The atmosphere of the place was musty and damp, and heavy with the faint odour of cut flowers.

I took a single step forward, and then, warned by some unaccountable premonition of danger, raised my arm with a quick, nervous jerk to parry an impending blow. It came swiftly and silently, striking me on both shoulders with paralysing force. The hot, fœtid breath of the thing was wafted on the hand which guarded my throat as I fell, and I could hear the sharp, vicious snap of the closing teeth.

Fortunately I retained my presence of mind sufficiently to realise that my only hope of safety lay in the direction of complete inaction and immobility. So I lay as I had fallen, without betraying a sign of life or movement, and the great beast which had struck me down gradually took shape and form as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

My assailant was a gigantic boarhound. I could see the massive head in which a pair of watchful eyes blazed like live coals, and the long, sinuous body rigid with a fierce energy, tense with murderous determination.

The brute was waiting expectantly for a movement on my part which would give him the much desired privilege of burying his long, sharp fangs in my throat.

The canine tenet that he must on no account slay a prone opponent was one which the hereditary instincts of the dog compelled him to observe, but my apparent lack of spirit exasperated him greatly. He attempted to goad me to action by pawing my chest roughly with one of his fore feet, and when this challenge failed, he affected an admirably simulated carelessness such as a pair of hostile dogs frequently exhibit just before engaging in a terrific combat.

I was fearful lest the wild beating of my heart and the involuntary trembling of my limbs should be misinterpreted by my captor, for I was shivering like one afflicted with ague.

A clock in the hall struck three—several hours must yet elapse before daylight—the prospect was appalling! Why had not Weston told me of this nightmarish acquisition of his? And what had become of poor old Pat? Perhaps this gaunt, watchful wolf would respond to a few kind words expressive of artificial praise for virtues which were non-existent, and of fictitious pity for some calamity which had never befallen him. The most pampered and luxurious of curs is pleased to be called "poor"; the most desperate of canine hooligans is gratified by the appellation of "good." I moistened my dry lips and spoke.

"Poor old Wolf!" I said soothingly. "Good old fellow."

The brute cut short my overtures with that low, snarling growl which invariably accompanies the raised lip and the bared teeth. I could feel his warm, sickening breath full in my face. His body was braced for the final spring, his powerful neck outstretched, his tail erect and quivering with fury.

Mentally I repeated the only prayer that I knew—an absurdly childish supplication, beautiful in its simplicity, but ridiculously incongruous as the last appeal of a dying man. The words came into my mind readily enough, bringing with them scenes long ago forgotten, faces long since vanished. They passed before my eyes with the rapidity of a series of biograph pictures, dissolving into thin air, and leaving nothing behind but a circle of light which moved unsteadily hither and thither on the wall of the darkened room.

The dog raised his head and growled horribly. He, too, had seen the white circle on the wall into which the creatures of my imagination had dissolved. That, at all events, was real and tangible—it was moving slowly across the ceiling now, bringing the gas chandelier into prominence, and then dancing away to outline the big picture which hung just below the cornice. In another moment it had raced across the carpeted floor and was shining full on my upturned face.

"Hallo! here's one of 'em! And, by thunder, he's down with a great dog at his throat! Come off, you brute!"

The words were spoken from the open window, and in response to the exclamation there was a rush of footsteps on the gravel path without. Snarling fiercely, the dog slowly retreated before the oncoming light.

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"Keep your lantern full on the hound, Evans; he means mischief!" said the warning voice again. "I'll attend to the man. Come on, you chaps! Quietly now—no noise!"

I rose unsteadily to my feet and confronted the speaker, who had cautiously entered the room with three or four followers at his heels. They stood in line just inside the large bay of the window, awaiting the orders of their chief. The dog crouched in the furthest corner, growling viciously as the rays of the bull's-eye lantern played on his face. My new captor laid a heavy hand on my shoulder.

"You're not hurt, I see," he said not unkindly. "Well, I don't quite know what you are doing here—we'll go into that matter later. For the moment you must consider yourself under arrest."

"What for?" I asked stupidly.

"Either for attempted burglary or for manufacturing counterfeit coin. That's all the explanation I can give you at present. We must bring this man along with us," he added, addressing the others. "Make for the staircase quietly. Evans, you will remain to keep the dog at bay with the light until we have all filed out. Then you can close the door on the brute. I won't handcuff the prisoner—he may have to shift for himself presently."

A heavy lamp whizzed past us . . . scattering the blazing oil in a cascade of flame

I was so satiated with tragedy by this time, that the latest phase of the nocturnal drama left me quite powerless either to offer an obviously unconvincing explanation, or to make the feeblest and most futile of protests. So I allowed myself to be pushed into the van of the exploring party without uttering a single word of remonstrance, although I had not the slightest idea what was the object of the expedition into which I had been so unceremoniously hustled. I only knew that I had been arrested for some crime that I had never committed, and that I was about to witness a further arrest—could it be of Weston himself?—in accordance with a carefully-arranged plan of campaign on the part of my companions.

We made our way into the hall, the chief and I leading, and the others following in single file. The click of a softly closed door, and the welcome light from the lantern carried by Evans, informed us that the fearsome brute who kept watch over the premises

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had been effectually trapped—he was baying furiously as we ascended the wide staircase, and the noise was answered by a hoarse cry of alarm from above.

"Steady, boys!" cried the chief. "We shall have to meet them on the stairs, worse luck!"

The shining barrel of a revolver flashed in my captor's disengaged hand as he spoke. It was evident that he anticipated a struggle at close quarters. Instinctively clenching my fists, I glanced upward towards the landing from which "Weston's billiard-room" opened. A brilliant light flashed for a moment over the balustrade; then a heavy lamp whizzed past us with a roar, scattering the blazing oil in a cascade of flame, and bursting in the hall below with a reverberating crash.

"An accident, guv'nor! The lamp slipped from my hand."

The voice was apologetic in tone; to me, at least, it carried the conviction of sincerity. Evans flashed his lantern on the speaker, and the chief instinctively raised his pistol.

"Hands up!" he commanded. "The house is surrounded, and there is no possible chance of escape."

Two of the constables sprang towards the man as he obediently raised his hands.

"No need to be violent," he remonstrated. "It's a fair cop. But you may thank your lucky stars that a certain four-footed sentinel who's on duty below didn't lay a few of you out before you got this far!"

The sibilant tone in which the latter part of the speech was uttered convinced me that the little incident of the "falling" lamp was not the result of an accident after all.

"Weston's billiard-room" gave up the remaining two criminals—both quiet-looking and well-spoken men, with nothing of the hardened criminal in their appearance. The apartment contained an elaborate plant for the manufacture of spurious silver coins. It was locked up by the detectives, and an official seal placed upon the door before they left the premises in company with three manacled prisoners and a fourth "suspect" whose hands were allowed to remain unfettered.

* * * * *

The chief detective happened to know Weston personally.

"He lives in the next road," he remarked, when I had made my palpably unconvincing explanation to him, after receiving the customary official warning. "If your story is true, it's about the most remarkable coincidence on record. However, we'll knock Mr. Weston up and hear what he has to say about the matter."

So I interviewed Peter in his pyjamas after all, and when the first shock of surprise was over he formally identified me as a personal friend, a rising barrister, and a very foolish young person, supplementing these particulars with a peal of hilarious laughter which perhaps satisfied my friend the detective more than the semi-official statement which preceded it.

"It's always a risky proceeding to enter a house—even if it's your own—at night, and by the window," he said gravely. "Anyway, you made the raid all the easier for us as it happened, sir. You kept the dog busy, too. Our prisoners were well-known criminals—we have had the house under observation for several days. If we hadn't made such a complete surprise of the visit they'd have given us a very rough reception."

"My own opinion upon surprise visits and rough receptions generally is too strong to be expressed adequately in decent society," I remarked. "And my views regarding friends who give complicated and misleading directions are simply too——"

But the entrance of Mrs. Weston with hot coffee and rolls for three nipped my scathing denunciation in the bud, and turned my thoughts into a kinder and more congenial channel.

ON INVARIABLE FAILURE.

He caught the very fastest balls
On cricket-fields with ease:
He often caught a man a blow
That brought him to his knees.

His wits were sharp; he always caught
One's meaning in a trice:
When young he caught the measles once,
And scarlet fever twice.

But these successes only make
It harder to explain
Just why it was he *never* caught
His early morning train!

Leslie Thomas.

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Pay Liberally for Real Life Romances. They should be Five Hundred Words in Length, and Must be True, and Substantiated by Names and Dates.

The Burglar Lover.

THE ROMANCE OF A PARIS LADY'S MAID.

FEW girls have such a rude awakening from "Love's Young Dream" as Josephine Leclerc, a lady's maid who is in service at Paris.

Some time ago her master moved into a new flat, larger and more commodious than the one he had occupied hitherto.

Part of Josephine's duties was to accompany Mademoiselle Lucienne, the young daughter of the family, to a music lesson every morning; and on a certain day a few months ago she retired to her room in order to prepare for the daily journey.

On entering the apartment, Josephine glanced with pardonable pride at the looking-glass, and took up a comb wherewith to curb the exuberance of her wayward locks. Suddenly she had an unreasonable feeling that she was not alone.

The burglar seized a heavy metal candlestick, and struck the unfortunate Josephine over the head with it.

Glancing round the room, her gaze rested on a wardrobe. Surely the door was open wider than when she had entered!

The girl made a quick movement to quit her bedroom, but, before she could do so, a masked man bounded from the wardrobe and seized her by the throat.

Josephine did not waste a second.

"*Au secours! à l' assassin!*" she shrieked. "*Monsieur, Madame voici les cambrioleurs.*"

Alas for her well-meant efforts! Fearing discovery, the burglar seized a heavy metal candlestick, and struck the unfortunate Josephine over the head with it until she swooned away.

But her cries had been heard, and assistance was soon at hand. The burglar, having been discovered hiding in another room, was immediately taken to the police-station.

Now comes the dramatic sequel to Josephine's adventure.

On going to the police-station to identify her assailant, she recognised in the prisoner Baptiste Ressier, a locksmith to whom she had been engaged for two years.

The surprise was mutual, as he had no idea of his victim's identity.

The police, however, by no means shared the astonishment of Josephine and Baptiste. The latter turned out to be a well-known criminal, upon whom they had had their eyes for some time past.

He had been able to commit many burglaries owing to his trade, which permitted him easily to enter houses, but, hitherto, he had escaped capture.

"Mademoiselle is well rid of him," declared a police-sergeant courteously. "She is far too attractive for such a villain."

Josephine parted from her lover with many tears, in spite of the injuries she had received at his hands. She declares that when he comes out of prison she will marry and reform him.

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A Matter of Deduction.

THE ROMANCE OF A POLICE-CONSTABLE.

DEDUCTION is certainly an asset which every police-constable should possess. But, unfortunately, it is a rare quality, and yet the following story will show that there is at least one police-constable in Saltash, Cornwall, who possesses the power to an extraordinary degree.

This policeman was walking beside the railway one Saturday afternoon in December, no doubt little thinking that his presence in such a deserted neighbourhood would prove of service.

Nor would it have been, most probably, had not at that moment the shrill sound of a whistle fallen upon the policeman's ears. Coming towards him at a reduced speed was a train.

The policeman stepped from the track, and, pausing on his way, idly scanned the passengers sitting at ease within the compartments.

There was the farmer seated in one corner smoking, and, it may be, vigorously discussing the latest market price of wheat; and there was the countrywoman returning from her weekly journey to the market. But what interested the policeman more particularly—there, seated by the window of a compartment, were two men attired in their working clothes.

"Miners," reflected the constable, deducing the fact from their sombre drab apparel. Then:

"Curious that they should be returning from their work at this hour of the day." Then: "Two men obviously employed at the mines near by—ought to be at their work until close on six o'clock. Why are they travelling at this hour and in their working clothes?"

Faster and faster he ran, until to his joy he found himself gaining on the train

Possibly one of them had been taken ill, and the other had been sent to see him safely home?

But no—they were in a smoking carriage, and that was hardly the compartment in which one would convey a sick man.

Suspicion flashed across the policeman's mind. It might lead to his bringing down ridicule upon himself. Still, if deduction counted for anything, he must see this matter further.

Turning quickly about, when the carriage containing the two objects of his interest had scarcely passed him, the policeman broke into a run. Faster and faster he ran, until to his joy he found himself gaining on the train.

First he passed one carriage, then another. Then the tender of the engine lay on his left, and then he was shouting and waving his arms, signalling to the driver to stop. The signal was answered, the train was brought to a standstill.

Panting out his mission, the policeman explained that there were two men on board the train whom he wished to search.

Escorted by the guard the policeman entered the carriage. At the sight of him the two miners crouched right back in their seats.

Such an eventuality as this had never crossed their minds. There, looming up seemingly from nowhere, stood a stern "arm of the law."

It was all up with them, and, with no show of resistance, the two men allowed themselves to be searched and relieved of a considerable quantity of copper which they had purloined from the mine in which they were employed.

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Saved by the Enemy's Bullet.

THE ROMANCE OF A SCOUT.

A FLYING figure on the grey horizon—in the distance a dozen eagerly pursuing forms!

A very usual scene during the late South African War. The solitary figure was that of a scout who had strayed too near the Boer encampment, and was now paying dearly for his rashness, being pursued by some ten or twelve Boers, who lashed their sturdy ponies mercilessly in their haste to capture the solitary Englishman.

The scout, secure in the knowledge that he had a fairly good start and an exceptionally good mount, half turned, and waved his hat cheerfully at his infuriated pursuers.

"They will never overtake me," was his comforting reflection. "You are better than all their half-bred ponies, Pondo, my boy." And he patted his horse's neck affectionately.

Pondo responded nobly to the confidence placed in him, striving his utmost to lengthen the distance between pursued and pursuers. He was succeeding admirably.

Nearer and nearer came the fatal wire. Thicker and thicker flew the bullets.

The scout looked back and laughed as he saw that the khaki-clad shapes, though their number and ardour had not diminished, appeared smaller in the distance.

"This means promotion for me," he said. "The wily brutes evidently intended to creep round the kopje and so surround us. Deuced clever of them to get so far without giving us the slightest suspicion of their approach.

"Now, owing to my discovery of their whereabouts, their little game is up. We will be ready for them if they come, which I very much doubt."

The soft African dusk had begun to creep over the arid veld, and still the race continued.

Suddenly the scout sat bolt upright in his saddle. What had he seen? Only a long, thin line stretching as far as he could see from right to left.

Only a single piece of wire which, supported at intervals by stakes driven into the ground, had, in happier times, served as the boundary of a great sheep farm.

But the scout knew, with a sickening certainty, that his African pony could never leap that fence, nor was it high enough to allow them to pass under it.

It was inevitable that he would be thrown when his horse came in contact with the wire, and then be captured by the Boers. He was truly between the devil and the deep sea.

He chose the latter, and continued his course, urging his horse frantically at the wire.

In the meantime the Boers seemed to be gaining on him, as several bullets struck the earth on either side of him.

Nearer and nearer came the fatal wire. Thicker and thicker flew the bullets. The scout ground his teeth, and made straight for the obstacle.

Ten yards more—he shuddered as the certainty of death or capture rose before him. Five yards more, two yards—then a *dénouement* almost incredible.

One of the fast flying bullets from the Boer rifles struck the wire, and cut it clean in two. It fell instantly to the ground, and the scout was safe.

With a whoop of joy the scout dashed on, and after a further long gallop reached the British outposts and safety.

Amid the applause and laughter of his comrades, he described the Boers' fruitless chase.

He had been saved by the very instrument of death.

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An Old Man's Gratitude.

A ROMANCE FROM THE STRAND.

ONE day last December an old gentleman was walking leisurely along this well-known street of the Metropolis.

It may be that his thoughts were bent on the brightly-lighted shops, more resplendent than usual now with Christmas wares of every sort.

Or it may be that he was intent on the constant stream that flowed by.

Some people elbowed past him, his pace no pace for them; others brushed against him rudely, eager to proceed in an opposite direction.

Sadly he may have recalled the days of his youth, when the young were taught to respect the old, and to treat them with courtesy.

Let us follow the old gentleman in his movements.

The sight is not a very exciting one. There is nothing to lead one to imagine that within a few minutes he will be standing on the kerb pale and trembling at the thought of a horrible death from which he had been snatched in the nick of time.

Something suddenly grips the old gentleman by the arm.

The old gentleman suddenly turns to the right, and makes as if to cross the street. At the edge of the pavement he pauses and glances cautiously before him.

Seemingly the way is sufficiently clear for him to venture across.

He steps on to the asphalted road, unconscious that bearing rapidly down on him is a motor 'bus.

Then he sees the danger.

Retreat appears impossible. The great red car is almost on him.

Something suddenly grips the old gentleman by the arm. He feels himself as it were snatched into the air, and in a confused whirl of machinery he sees the 'bus lumber heavily by.

Almost powerless with horror, he realises that a strong arm is supporting him. And then he sees that he is safe, and standing on the pavement that a moment before he had so incautiously left.

A minute or two passes. The old gentleman, too overcome to speak, gazes wonderingly at his deliverer, for such no doubt must be the gentleman at his side.

Then, in a voice unsteady with emotion, he murmurs words of thanks, and implores his new-found friend to tell him his name.

At first the request was politely refused, but the old gentleman pleadingly persisted, until at last the rescuer handed him his card, on which were inscribed his name and office address.

And now comes the pleasant sequel to this adventure. Some time later, when Mr. Hugh Foster, who is a lieutenant in the Hampshire Volunteers, returned to his office, he learnt that an old gentleman had left a parcel for him.

With no thought of the incident that has just been told in his mind, Mr. Foster opened the parcel.

A look of surprise came over his face as he lifted out from a wrapping of tissue paper a solid gold cigarette case.

Then the thought flashed through his mind—this must be from the old gentleman to whom he had lent so friendly a hand. But, search as he might every scrap of paper that the parcel contained, Mr. Foster could find no sign of any name.

Even that of the jeweller from whom the case had been bought had been carefully cut from the box.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A K.C.

A Full Account of his Arduous Life, Precarious Existence, Great Possibilities, and the Heights he may Attain if Fortunate.

By "Silk."

Soon after 9 a.m. Lincoln's Inn and the Temple begin to hum. Small boys with big bags containing the briefs which they have just brought from "the Guv'nor's" private house, and over which "the Guv'nor" is supposed to have laboured through the night—these small boys come clattering through the arched ways and passages and even whistle irreverently in the sacred precincts. Later arrive the chief clerks, and with them decorum and the business of the day.

Now the most important person that enters into any working day of my life is my chief clerk. A smart "junior" who works up his case is an excellent fellow, but the winding ways and hiding-places of the Temple only know how many such "juniors" there be; a barrister who has the fortune to chance on a good clerk has secured a possession that, other things being favourable, spells success for his career.

We work for money, but you must know that it is the chief clerk who arranges the fees. A daily, indeed hourly, occurrence in chambers is a scene like this: In his room your barrister is sitting—a thin partition only dividing him from the entrance hall, where his clerk has a little desk. Conversation there is quite audible to the lawyer, and he is listening, you may be sure, for has not a solicitor brought in a brief with an inquiry as to whether Mr. X. can go to the Westminster County Court next Thursday?

"It's only a short case," says the solicitor to your clerk, "I'll mark it Five and One!"

"Well, I'll see," replies your henchman dubiously, "but the fee's a bit poor, isn't it?"

Now you want that brief and fee badly—as what genius does not?—yet you believe that not only are you worth seven guineas but you think perhaps you will get it. There can be no bargaining, however. It would be impossible for you to go outside and say: "I'll take it for seven," and see if you can get it. You muster up your courage, and after a whispered confab with your clerk, send him out with a demand for seven, and wait on tenter-hooks to hear whether he gets it.

The same performance is gone through, though on a bigger scale, with the K.C., and it is in these negotiations that your clerk shows his mettle. It must be remembered that his success is bound up with the K.C.'s. On every brief there is a clerk's fee; naturally enough he is anxious not to lose money by sending work away, but at the same time it is also to his interest to drive his master's fees up.

The chief clerk receives, roughly, 12 per cent. of what his employer makes. In many cases this amounts to a handsome income, but he deserves it all.

While the Courts are sitting, my daily work usually begins at 9.30. I generally have conferences or consultations before the judge takes his seat. Probably I have "opinions" to write or consider before going into Court. These, as likely as not, my good junior has worked up in the rough for me, but there are often points in them that require most

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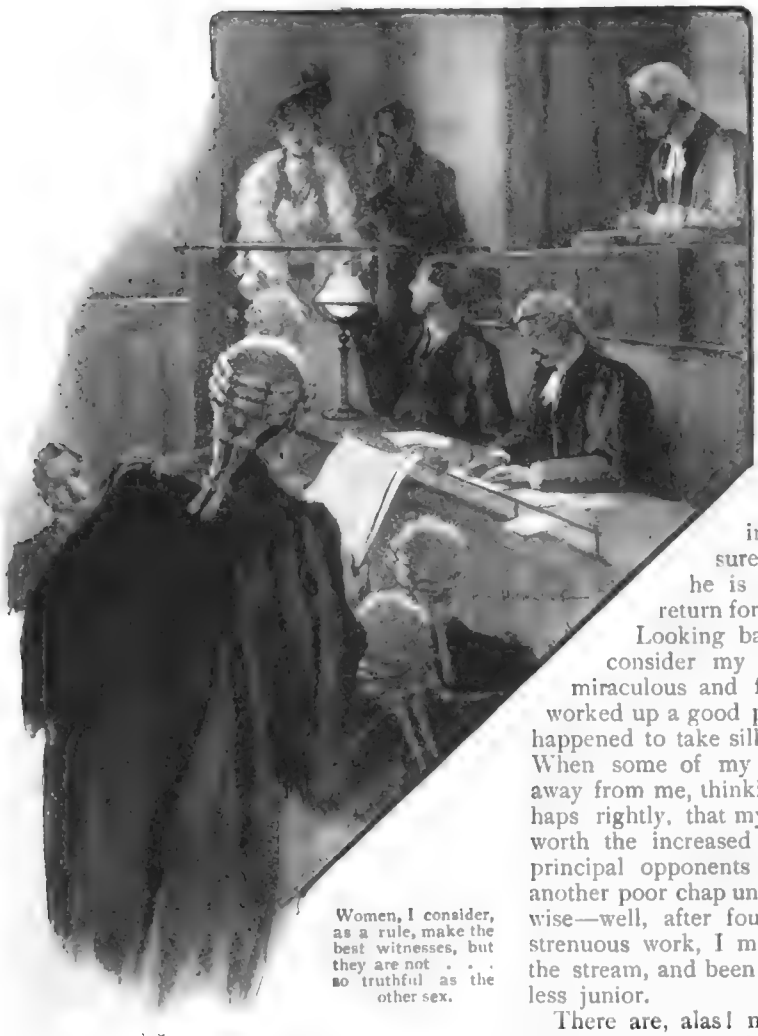

Women, I consider, as a rule, make the best witnesses, but they are not . . . so truthful as the other sex.

anxious and careful weighing. Nowadays it is becoming increasingly general to take an eminent counsel's opinion, and settle the matter at issue out of Court upon his decision. This, of course, saves delay and expense, but, naturally, the Bar would prefer that promising possibilities were not nipped so austerely in the bud.

My correspondence is an important feature of my day's work. It is often interesting and curious. Periodically I get letters such as this: "I am twenty odd years of age, and wish to go to the Bar. I have a few hundred pounds capital, and speak regularly at our debating society. Which is the best way to succeed?"

I invariably reply, "Don't!" and I do not hesitate to practise what I preach.

The other day I was discussing the Bar with two other "silks," both of whom have done well. We have each a son. The question was: "Should our sons go to the Bar?" With very little hesitation, we all determined that they should not—and they will shortly be on the road to become solicitors.

The Bar, indeed, is the most uncertain and precarious way of earning one's livelihood that exists. A solicitor with brains, industry, and interest is sure of a living, and, more, he is certain of a graduated return for his labours.

Looking back over my career, I consider my success to have been miraculous and full of chance. I had worked up a good practice as a junior. I happened to take silk at just the right time. When some of my solicitors were falling away from me, thinking, I suppose, and perhaps rightly, that my services were scarcely worth the increased rate of fees, one of my principal opponents got a judgeship, and another poor chap unexpectedly died. Otherwise—well, after fourteen or fifteen years' strenuous work, I might have drifted out of the stream, and been worse off than a briefless junior.

There are, alas! many K.C.'s who made thousands a year as juniors who, now, do not earn even enough to pay the rent of their chambers.

One has to remember that a chance illness, such as typhoid, in term-time may undo the whole work of a lifetime. Oh! it is a terribly precarious game, I can assure you.

In Court the life is very exacting and much more harassing than the onlooker can imagine. As a rule a witness shows to the worst advantage in the box. Counsel may *know* for a certainty that his witness is speaking the truth, and yet may have the mortification of observing something approaching a collapse owing to nervousness or self-consciousness.

Women, I consider, as a rule, make the best witnesses, but they are not, taking them altogether, nearly so truthful as the other sex.

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I have been at times simply amazed at the manner in which a seemingly honourable English lady will conjure up resources of clever evasion and artifice to support her case while she is under cross-examination on a doubtful point. She will tell, as likely as not, the simple truth in her examination-in-chief, but when that is assailed in cross-examination, she will occasionally lie ingeniously and most brilliantly to support the truth.

Of juries I have an unholy terror. You never know what they are likely to fasten on to.

I remember that, as a very youthful junior, I defended a prisoner on circuit and got an amazing acquittal in the very teeth of the evidence. I was not quite so proud of my achievement, however, after my indefatigable clerk had—most improperly—got to know the reason for the decision from one of the jury.

"Poor young gentleman!" said his informant. "He tried so hard, and we thought it was his first case, so we said we would give him a lift!"

Some juries are excellent, but others, I am certain, go off at preposterous tangents, and I believe the Court would be simply flabbergasted if in three cases out of five it knew the real basis of decision.

After the morning's work, there is lunch in Temple Hall or Lincoln's Inn Common Room, as the case may be.

At these functions you find yourself in the very heart of legal life. The proper fraternal, legal greeting of one lawyer to another is, "How are *you*?" with emphasis on the "you," and an omission to wait for the reply. At Lincoln's Inn it is expected of you that you should fling Latin quotations about between mouthfuls, and I know at least half-a-dozen men who make a rule of refreshing their memories in this way, so that they may make a distinguished lunch.

In the Temple, Latin is bad form. You discuss the judges' decisions with as much pity as your generosity allows, or else talk sport. There are excellent fellows there, and it is a pity that time is so urgent.

After the morning's work, there is lunch in Temple Hall or Lincoln's Inn Common Room.

Back in Court you must cultivate your best "afternoon manner." Your judge and jury have lunched. The judge is drowsy and the jury dull. A breezy style and as much wit as you may be capable of, help greatly. Of course, though, if the evidence that is being given is against you, it would be improper in you to stir the would-be sleepers.

I remember in the days of our sporting judges that one or two adaptable geniuses did very well with the "sporting manner." Hawkins, J., had an eye to an afternoon's racing. The case which was being heard by him was collapsing, and it was a matter of hard hitting to knock away the remaining props in the time-limit. The man who rose to the occasion had generally reason for satisfaction at the result of his labours.

Of course, it cannot be denied that an eminent K.C.'s fees are large—sometimes one of them represents a small fortune. Only the other day Mr. Balfour Browne and Lord Robert Cecil went to Singapore on an arbitration. It is believed that they received not less than six thousand guineas apiece.

Serjeant Ballantine got ten thousand guineas for going to India in the interests of his client, the Gaekwar of Baroda. Lord Russell of Killowen, when he was Sir Charles Russell, had a fee of six hundred guineas for a few minutes' work in connection with a case in a northern assize court. These are exceptional amounts, but celebrated barristers, who are almost invariably King's Counsel, make very large incomes. Often enough these incomes are very seriously diminished when the earner elects to go into Parliament, or takes promotion to the Bench. The late Sir William Harcourt, for instance, made a great sacrifice when he was elected to the House of Commons, for he was at that time making £12,000 a year at the Parliamentary Bar. In a recent famous case at the Old Bailey two King's Counsel who defended the prisoners each received a

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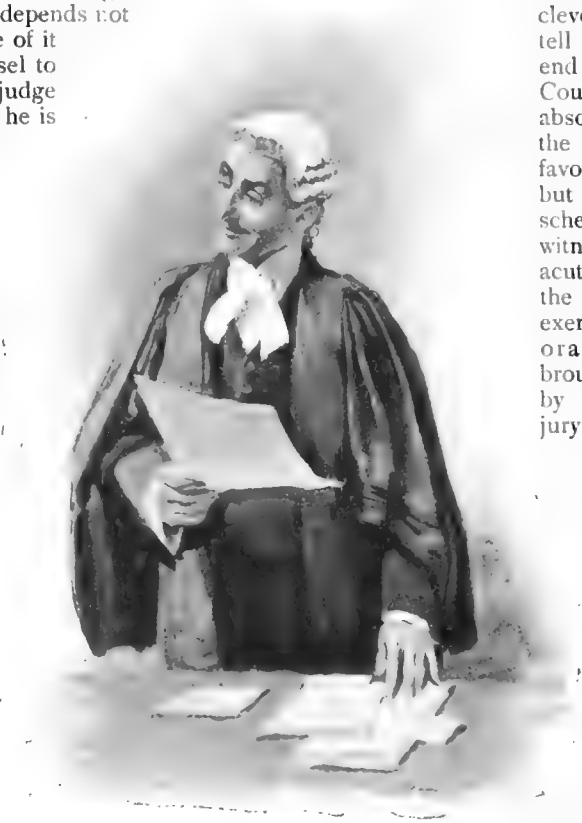
retainer of 500 guineas, with a refresher of 100 guineas a day, while a junior had a retainer of 300 guineas and a refresher of 75 guineas daily. Lord Brampton, as Mr. Henry Hawkins, Q.C., is generally supposed to have made more money at the Bar than any other barrister. He once refused a brief marked 20,000 guineas, but it would have necessitated a journey to India. His fee for election petitions was 500 guineas, with a refresher of 200 guineas a day, and for the smallest police case it was 100 guineas.

The reason for this prosperity is not far to seek, for often enough the success of a case depends not so much on the justice of it as the power of counsel to persuade, or prove to a judge or jury, or both, that he is right. With a judge the chance of victory for a client who is in the wrong may be small, although judges are by no means infallible, being only men, but with a jury it is possible to do anything, since the absolute decision, except in rare cases, rests with them. The rare cases are those in which points of law only are at issue, and then, whether they like it or not, a jury must be bound by his lordship's directions, and say "Not Guilty" or "Guilty," or for the plaintiff or for the defendant, as the case may be.



Your judge and jury have lunched. . . . A breezy style and as much wit as you may be capable of, help greatly.

It should be remembered, however, that in far many more instances than the public are aware of, counsel fail to obtain their fees. Unlike a solicitor's bill of costs, we cannot sue. Our fee is an honorarium. I remember being engaged in a case which, owing to unexpected developments, lasted fourteen days. On the third morning my solicitor came and told me frankly that the fighting funds were ended.

What was I to do? I had either to drop out, or trust that my client might one day be prosperous enough to pay. I stayed in for moral reasons which at the moment seemed to be paramount, and I am proud to tell you that two or three years later I did receive my fees. There is probably, however, not a "silk" in large practice who is not owed at the present moment several thousands of pounds which he would be glad to see. I know the case of one K.C. who became a judge, and was then, of course, at once paid his arrears. They were in excess of £10,000.

Not even the cleverest lawyer can tell how a case will end when taken into Court. He may be absolutely sure that the result will be in favour of his client, but the best-laid schemes, the ablest witnesses, the most acute summing-up, the almost delirious exercise of forensic oratory may be brought to nothing by the vagary of a jury which has made up its mind the wrong way, and sticks to it.

But these considerations will not keep a counsel from taking up a case. He is a legal coach, so to speak, and must go where his client, his temporary employer, drives him. His is an everlasting battle of wits, and the greater his victories the greater is his prosperity. There is a rush to retain his services, and this is particularly the case when he is known to be an expert in a special branch of law. He is engaged at all costs, and inspiring "refreshers" mark his brief during the progress of the hearing.

This clamour for one man's services means inevitable neglect of work at times, for it is obviously impossible for him to do his very

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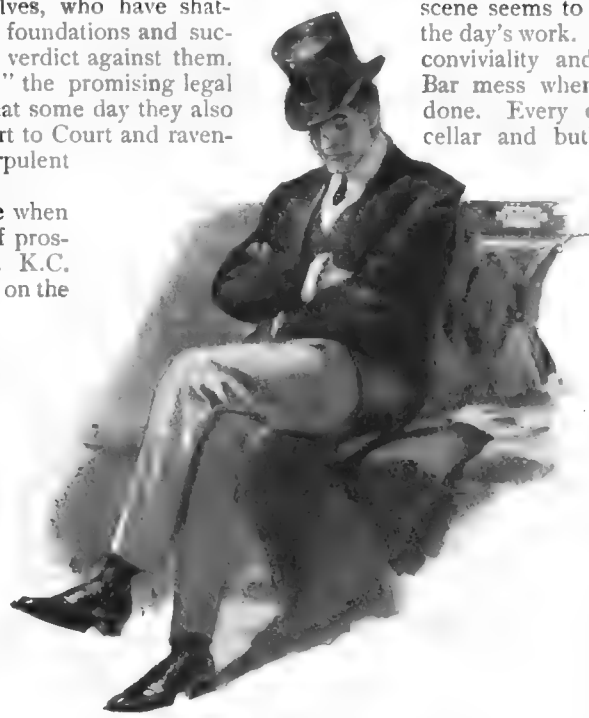
best with a number of complicated cases, especially when the cases are not heard in the same Court by one judge. At every assize, for instance, there is difficulty in the way because Mr. Bands is deep in argument in one Court when a case in which he appears is called in another. He may be able to throw down his brief and dash off to the other Court, open his case there, and return to his original mutton, so to speak. In his absence clever juniors act vicariously, and as a rule very efficiently, for him, although cases are on record of juniors, anxious to distinguish themselves, who have shattered their leaders' foundations and succeeded in getting a verdict against them. These are "devils," the promising legal lights who hope that some day they also will rush from Court to Court and ravenously devour corpulent fees.

This is the time when the terrific strain of prosperity tells on a K.C. Night and day he is on the rack, with consultations with solicitors and clients, marshalling of facts and arguments, absorbing of briefs and looking up precedents to guide him—and perhaps his lordship, for the wisest judge that ever sat on a bench cannot know more than a tithe of the law of the land. It is with judges and barristers as it is with ordinary humble individuals—their knowledge is of two sorts, that which they remember, and that which they know where to look for. And much of their knowledge is locked up in musty legal reference books. Often enough he is the cleverest judge and counsel who can make a little legal learning go a very long way.

The K.C. is frequently curiously placed. Mr. Bands is perhaps almost the only counsel who can do a certain thing; that is the reason why he has been retained. But there is another counsel, Mr. Robes, who is almost as clever, and the opposing side will to a surety secure his services. What is to be done? Make a "corner" in the K.C.'s, that is all. So Mr. Robes is gathered into the fold, and incidentally two or three juniors who are almost as dangerous as the seniors are retained, and the prospect for success for the enemy is practically nil. It may not sound very fair, but it must be remembered that the object of a litigant's solicitor is not so much to get law for his client as to win his case, and in this respect a client's long purse gives equally long odds.

Going on circuit is a delightful break in the even flow of my life. The change of scene seems to lessen the strain of the day's work. And there is much conviviality and pleasantry at the Bar mess when the day's work is done. Every circuit has its own cellar and butler, and the wine committee is usually equal to its duties.



Most . . . are tired men before they reach the House. Many of us find it a convenient place to doze in.

Criminal work at assize is traditionally regarded as the happy hunting-ground of the Junior Bar. I must have a heavy fee marked on my brief before I can engage in it, and, of course, also a member of the Junior Bar with me, and he is entitled to a fee two-thirds the amount of mine.

As a rule a King's Counsel is on the side of the prosecution, representing the Crown; but there are times when the position is reversed, when instead of prosecuting he may be retained for the defence of a prisoner.

Theoretically the King's Counsel is one of His Majesty's legal advisers, and as such is not supposed to appear against the Crown, which he would be doing by representing a prisoner, since all prosecutions are on behalf of the Crown. But actually a King's Counsel may be allowed to defend a prisoner, by special license from the Sovereign, which is never refused, or only in the rarest possible cases. There are exceptions with a few

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King's Counsel—those who are also serjeants-at-law in Ireland. These distinguished law officers, of whom there are only three, are not able, in any circumstances whatever, to defend a prisoner. They are His Majesty's Serjeants-at-Law, and never appear against the Crown. They are the survivors of a famous race of lawyers which has been abolished in England.

The circuit is usually a barrister's *alma mater*. His career begins there, as likely as not. If he become Attorney- or Solicitor-General it is his circuit that gives a dinner in his honour, and if he be very eminent and retire it is his circuit that dines him in farewell. It should be remembered that after he has received the honour of a farewell dinner he can under no circumstances practise again. I remember the case of a K.C. who received an important office in the Government and accepted a dinner from the circuit. Unfortunately the Government soon after went out and his office went with it, but he could not resume practice, though he greatly desired to do so.

A very important part of many a K.C.'s day is the House of Commons. By circumstances over which I have no control I am, I hope, merely temporarily relieved of those labours.

It always seems to me to be strange that lawyers are failures as politicians. There can be no denial that such is really the case. Out of the hundreds who have entered the House in the last decade, perhaps only two can be considered to have won places in the front rank of politicians. But is it really so strange, when one remembers that most of them are tired men before they reach the House? Many of us find it a convenient place to doze in after the struggle in the Courts. The fact that we are there certainly doubles the working strain upon us, yet assuredly it does not double our value as written upon our briefs.

You will gather that my life is a hard one, and, though I am successful, yet I make an income at which one of my manufacturing friends would scoff. I seldom have time to spend with my family, except during vacations. When I am not working I am thankful to sleep.

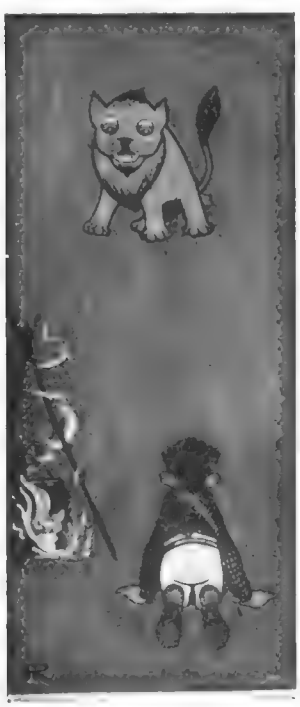
Is it worth it?

Do you know, I sometimes think it is not. There is a glamour about the life, though, which makes slaves of us.

We are moths singeing our wings around the lamp.

What a subject that would have been for a cartoon by poor Frank Lockwood!

Yes, he was one of those whom the game killed; but, like the rest of us, he loved it to the last.



LION AND LAMB.

Luther Lamb long longed to look at lions,
Living, lively lions in lonely lands;
Straightway sailed the stormy seas and sought some—
Searched and scour'd Sahara's scorching sands.

When the wanderer was without a weapon,
Which, whenever wanted, would go wrong,
Leo, lurking, looming large and lunch-like,
Looked at Lamb, and liking, lingered long.

Look how Luther, leaning, looks at Leo,
Look at lanky Lamb's long lifted locks;
Sunset sees such sorry sights but seldom,
Sands so strewn with shoes, striped shirt, and socks.

Let's leave Leo licking lips and laughing,
Little's left of Luther's legs or life;
We won't wait and watch while 'Whiskers' wolfs him;
Weeping, we will 'wire' his widowed wife.

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CHINESE FARMING.

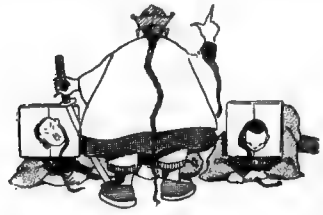
By Reginald Rigby and M. St. Lo.

The Viceroy of Do-ntu-se
Grew rice on his estate.
"My crops will fail this year," quoth he,
"We've had no rain of late."

So in despair His Highness was
(By name Prince O-hang-u),
But couldn't tear his hair because
He wore it in a queue.

At last he hit upon a plan
So simple, I believe
That no one but a Chinaman
Could such a plan conceive.

"Ah-ha-tha-tsit," cried O-hang-u,
And used some strong Chinese;
"Fetch Quong, Wun-i and Ling-ga-lu,
The prisoners, if you please."



They fetched them in without ado,
Celestials make no fuss;
They knelt before Prince O-hang-u
Whilst he harangued them thus:—

"Some rain, you know, I badly need,
You're going to pray for rain.
And if at first you don't succeed
You'll have to try again.

"I give you 14 days—you see
How lenient am I—
But in that time there'll have to be
Much water from the sky."

This mildest of the Viceroys
Smiled blandly o'er his "specs":—
"*There'll have to be,* or else, my boys,
You'll catch it—on your necks."

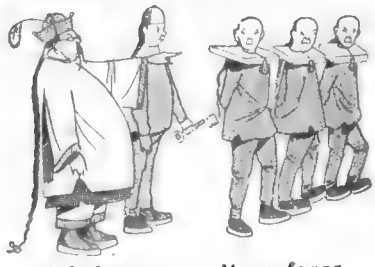
Thus urged, the three, with might & main,
Prayed fervently and long,
Beseeching for a little rain,
Particularly Quong.

They gabbled all the prayers they knew
In silence and aloud,
But all the time the sky was blue
With not a single cloud

Until the fourteenth day. At last
The rainfall did begin,
And then it poured so very fast
It soaked them to the skin.

The Viceroy, as pleased as Punch,
Said: "Since your prayers prevail,
I'll stand you all a chop-stick lunch,
Then back you go to jail.

"It vexes me to be severe,
In fact it gives me pain;
But there, you see, my crops next year
May need your prayers again!"



The British farmer can't perforce
Such simple means employ
Because, you know, he's not, of course,
A Chinese Viceroy.

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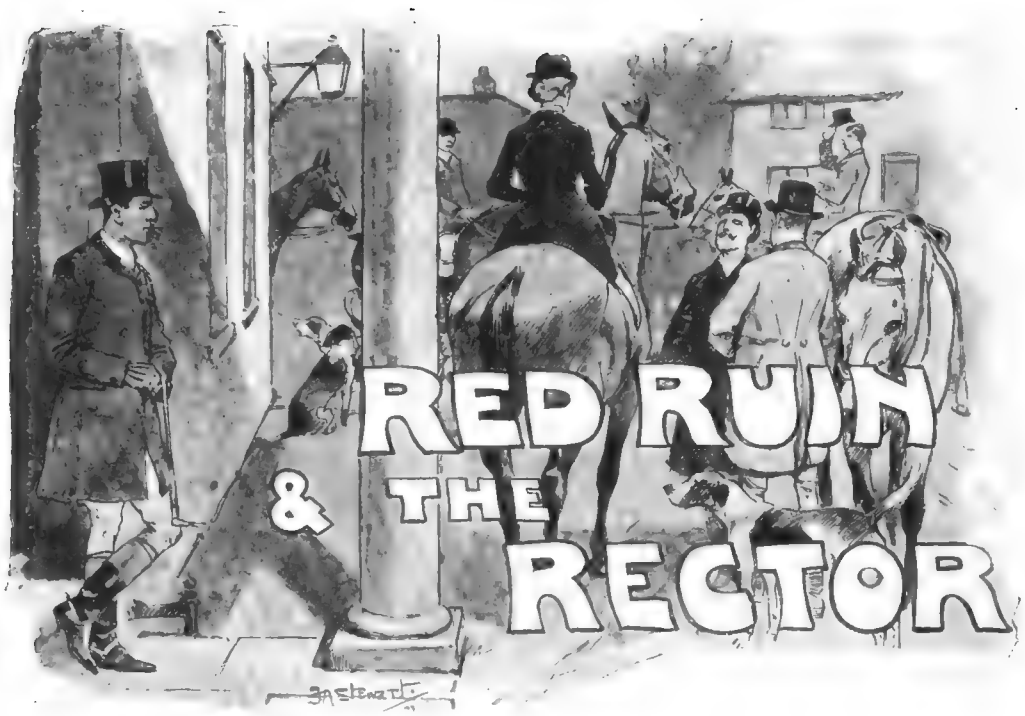

How a Parson Won his Chancel.

By W. H. G. Wyndham-Martyn.

I.

The Marchioness of Trenant belonged to that fortunately small class of the aristocracy which deems good manners unnecessary. Holding the assured position given her as a duke's daughter, and married to the richest member of the marquisate, she felt constrained by nothing except her own wishes, and considered she was justified in being thoroughly rude to people whom she disliked. In her own set, however, Tinker, as she was called, was distinctly amiable, and one of the most sporting of hostesses.

It was her custom in the winter to gather together a large house-party and retire to the West Country, where Lord Trenant owned many parishes, and hunt four days a week with her husband's hounds. The county families near Trenant were with very few exceptions poor; and although on the hunting-field they were welcomed, the Marchioness never troubled to visit them. She had on one occasion invited a neighbour to dine, but when he refused the proffered honour for the reason that his wife was not included, she imagined merely that he had no dress clothes.

The great pew at Trenant was unoccupied because her ladyship considered a morning in church to be wasted. It was sufficient that her uncle, the Bishop of Merstham, stayed with her once during the year, and breathed much true piety. The rector held the opinion that she was a very great lady, to argue with whom would be presumptuous and unavailing. Each year he made a vow, urged by his need, to ask her to contribute to the chancel fund; but his was no eloquent tongue, and the arguments he intended to use left him as he was shown into the vast rooms of the great house. And when, in early summer, the poor old gentleman died, a new rector was appointed by the Oxford college which shared with Lord Trenant the right of alternate presentation.

The Trenants, therefore, when they came down after the shooting, found an unknown rector, and were a trifle surprised on a non-hunting day to have his card brought in.

Her ladyship looked at it. "Tell him I'm not at home," she told the man.

"Don't do that, Tinker," said her husband. "Let him come in. May be a decent chap."

ight, 1907, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

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"Don't send him away," urged a rising novelist, who had married an ugly fifth cousin of a dear friend of Tinker, and was tolerated therefore. "I feel a desire to discuss patristic literature and the social lives of saints."

The Rev. John Stanley proved to be a clean-shaven, resolute-looking man of forty, who advanced to Lady Trenant with no trace of the nervousness which had proved such an engaging feature of his predecessor's visits. It might be reasonably supposed that to see a stranger at his ease would please a hostess; but this hostess was annoyed, because the inferior clergy were to her in much the same light as they had been to her forefathers two centuries before. In those days she knew the country clergyman ranked little higher than his patron's cook; and Lady Trenant, to mark her march with the times, would have matched him with a governess.

"I wonder if you know why I have called," he said presently.

"I think it quite unlikely," she answered.

He smiled what she considered a tolerant and superior smile. "I want you to head the subscription list for the Chancel Repair Fund."

"Good Lord!" she exclaimed involuntarily. "Anything else, Mr. Stanley?"

"Not for the moment," he said. "Of course the roof must be mended, and the west wall is not too strong, but the chancel is imperative."

"A great work, Tinker," said her cousin, Lord John Grenvil. "But hardly in your line."

"Charming, I call it," piped the novelist. "Have you any local saints with picturesque histories? Most saints were so delightfully immoral before they found their vocation."

The rector gave a short glance at the questioners. "I shall be happy to take you round the church and tell you all I know. You will probably be all the more pleased to subscribe."

Lady Trenant interrupted him impatiently. "Neither my husband nor I care for that sort of thing," she said. "The chancel was all right in Mr. Crosby's time. Why should you want it altered?"

"If you'll take my advice," said Lord John, who had taken a dislike to the other, "I'd let it rip. Ruins are more picturesque than restorations."

"'Pon my soul!" exclaimed the Marquis, who was good-natured, but everywhere except in the hunting-field under his wife's dominion, "I think they ought to put up corrugated iron churches. Not half the fag. Paint 'em a different colour every year. Keep out the damp. Damp's the very mischief. I see the porch has been mended. Who did it?"

"Trethewey, of Launceston."

"I mean, who paid for it?"

"I did," said the rector, "and if I could have restored the chancel myself I would not have come here, although, as lord of the manor, I think you should see your beautiful church is kept from ruin."

"Why don't you wait till it does get really ruined?" demanded her ladyship, who wearied of things ecclesiastical. "It may last for twenty years."

"Is it possible," asked the other, "that you don't know this chancel is perhaps the finest Early English one to be found in Great Britain? Why, some of its mouldings equal those in the North Transept at York!"

"Really!" said her ladyship, "I fear it doesn't interest me, Mr. Stanley. I haven't been near it since we killed in the churchyard three years ago. Do you remember, Billy?"

"Rather," said her husband laughing. "By Jove! Wouldn't Aunt Sophia be angry to see a fox broken up on her very tomb?"

He turned to the rector.

"My aunt was a very pious woman. You know the sort. Huntin', shootin' — all works of Satan."

"A charming lady," said the novelist. "You would have liked her, Mr. Stanley. She assured herself of future reward by knitting quaint stockings for races who are so depraved as to wear nothing at all. Ascetic saints would have gloried in them; they blistered one so."

There was plainly little hope for the chancel among these people, but he made another appeal.

"Won't you give anything, then?" he asked.

Lady Trenant shook her head.

"I'm afraid not."

Suddenly an idea occurred to her, and she smiled at it.

"Mr. Stanley, can you ride? To hounds, I mean?"

"I have not been in the saddle for five years," he answered.

"Well, I'll make you a sporting offer." She was smiling now, and her lack of interest had gone. "To-morrow we draw Dinham Great Wood. We always find there. Now if you really want your chancel here's a chance. I'll give you a horse good enough for the

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National, and if you are in with us at the death, that is to say with myself, Lord Trenant, Captain Warde, Lord John Grenvil, Miss St. Austell, Colonel Hosken, or Sir Robert Langdon, any of us or all of us, you can get what you want. Now, isn't that sporting enough?"

The rector looked towards the novelist. "Are you included?" he demanded unkindly.

"I don't believe in games of chance!" retorted the literary light unabashed.

"Suppose I lose?" asked Stanley. "What then?"

"Then you will not worry us any more about repairs and things of that sort. Do you accept?" He hesitated a moment.

"Has the horse any tricks?"

"He only wants riding," she assured him "but he's a real clipper. Of course, you need not do it if you'd rather not——"

"Or funk it," said Lord John genially.

"I accept," said the rector. "What time do you meet?"

"Eleven; at the 'One and All' in Dinham."

She shook hands with something of cordiality.

Lord Trenant watched him ride his bicycle down the drive.

"He'll find The Hero wants more holding than that," he observed.

"The Hero?" said his wife. "I'm riding The Hero."

"I'll swear he shan't have The Widow," snapped the other.

"He's going to ride the new horse you bought from Teignmouth."

"Oh! Tinker!" exclaimed Trenant. "That isn't fair. A brute of a horse. Twenty curbs won't hold him." He shrugged his shoulders. "What spiteful things women can be. I hope the poor chap won't get killed. Still, those eleven stone men fall light."

"There's nothing the matter with the horse," she said indignantly: "He wants riding, that's all."

Meanwhile the rector, as he rode home, was rejoicing that he had not accepted a dealer's offer for his discarded hunting-kit. He took it almost tenderly from a drawer and examined it carefully.

"I wonder if it's old-fashioned by now?" he muttered. "It's a good thing they are by a first-class tailor. The boots look as good as new."

Then he went to his dinner filled with a pleasant elation. His soul rejoiced in the vision of a repaired chancel.

II.

It was a perfect hunting morning when the rector dressed and came downstairs arrayed in well-fitting pink, to the astonishment of his housekeeper. As he entered the huge stable-yard of Trenant, the stud-groom, imagining him to be one of the ten or dozen men always staying in the great house, touched his hat and said it was a fine morning.

He strolled through the stable and watched the men busied in getting the hunters ready. And a feeling of envy stole over him as he watched the splendid horses and then reflected on the excellence of his bicycle.

He was particularly attracted by a big chestnut horse who was being rubbed down by a stable-lad. Standing about sixteen hands and an inch, he was well ribbed up and showed big, clean, flat bone, while his great, oblique shoulders and long, racing hind-quarters with their powerful hocks told a judge that here was an uncommonly fine animal.

"Is this horse going out to-day?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "'Er ladyship is going to mount the parson on 'im, I 'eard. It's some sort of a joke, I've 'eard."

"What's the matter with him?" demanded the other.

"Nothing, sir," responded the lad, "but 'e wants a better man to ride 'im than 'e'll 'ave to-day. Why, sir, this 'orse won the Blackmore Vale point-to-point, carrying fourteen stone, and Major 'Amilton said 'e'd never ridden a 'orse what took more 'andlin'."

"So you pity the parson?"

"Yes, sir. Don't you?"

"Not altogether. How far is it to Dinham?"

"Five miles, sir, across the moor; seven by road."

Just then Sands, the stud-groom, hurried up.

"I should like this horse saddled at once," said Stanley, pointing to the chestnut.

"Her ladyship gave orders that it was for Mr. Stanley," said Sands. He looked at a page in his pocket-book. "May I ask your name, sir? I don't remember what you are riding to-day."

"My name is Stanley," said the parson smiling. "And you ought to have seen me in the pulpit before now. What sort of a horse is this?"

Sands shook his head. "He came to us with a bad character, sir," he said. "He's

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not vicious, but he's fidgety, and tries to get away."

"What's his name?"

"They call him Red Ruin," said Sands apologetically.

A few minutes later Lord Trenant and Colonel Hosken came into the stable.

"Has the parson turned up?" demanded the master.

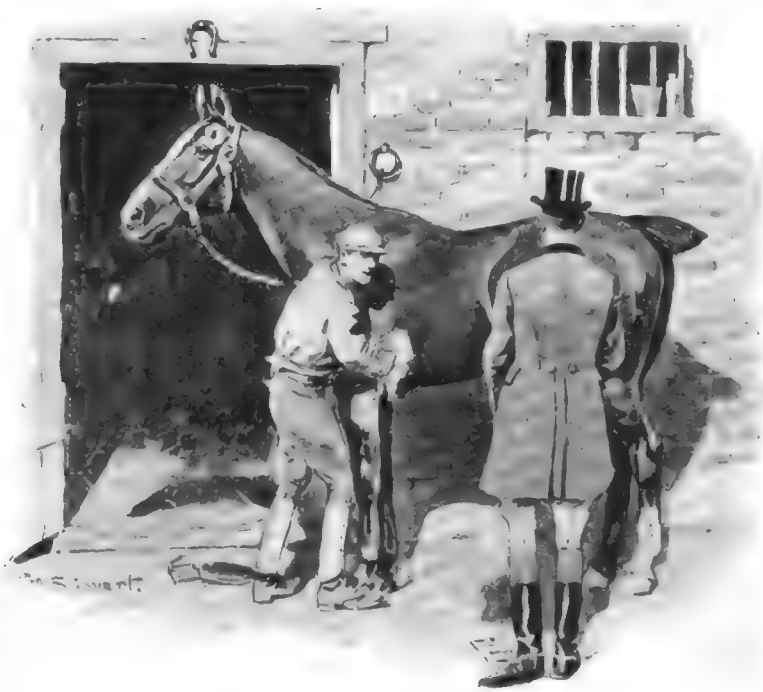
"He's just gone, my lord," said the man, with a quiet smile; and when he had seen the house-party mounted, he cantered across the moor to Dinham on his cob, prepared to witness some sport of a high order.

Neither Lord Trenant nor his wife cared so much for the crack Midland hunts, with their unmanageably big fields, as for their own country. Here they had plenty of grass, with wild, boulder-strewn moorlands, which offered obstacles that many a grass-country man might tremble to see; there were bogs and hut-circles, and boundary stone walls which needed good riders and better horses.

Stanley's aim in riding to the cover-side alone was to get on good terms with his mount unseen by the others. He soon found that Red Ruin was even more high-spirited than horses of his colour usually are, and bored, tried to get away, and generally evinced equine displeasure. He was so eager to get going that his rider put him at a fifteen-foot brook, which he flew over with no effort. Then he was put at one of the stone walls which abounded. This he took in the manner of the country, and did not attempt to fly it, as might be expected of a strange horse.

By the time Dinham was reached Stanley felt he knew the temper and capabilities of his mount fairly well, and it seemed to him that the chancel repairs were not so far away. The innkeeper at Dinham assured him that the hounds would not be along for half-an-hour, and Stanley therefore put the horse in a loose box and waited. He was finishing his third cigarette when the master and whips brought their charges along. Lady Trenant was mounted on a beautiful blood bay, and her skill in its management brought the first feeling of admiration for her the rector had felt.

The master was mounted on The Widow, a gaunt grey mare famous in many fields, and winner of many chases. A weight-carrier was The Widow, and the manner in which she carried fifteen stone made one forget that she was twelve years old.



"Is this horse going out to-day?" he asked.

The man smoking Egyptian cigarettes remained unnoticed, for he heard Lady Trenant say:

"I wish I hadn't been fool enough to mount that absurd man on Red Ruin. Heaven only knows where he's been taken!"

She beckoned to Sands, who could only say, on being questioned, that the gentleman had mounted the horse and ridden quietly out of the yard. He thought Mr. Stanley would soon turn up. But Sands had seen his rector from the first; and being possessed of the sporting blood which is the proper thing for a stud-groom, and being also possessed in

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some mysterious manner of the reason of his appearance with the Trenant Foxhounds, promised himself a sermon if her ladyship lost the chancel.

When the huntsman had taken his hounds into cover, Lady Trenant turned and saw, with something of a shock, that Red Ruin and his rider, apparently on the best of terms with each other, were near her.

"How do you do?" she said. "I had no idea you would turn out in pink. I was afraid you were lost."

By this time the other men had seen him, and Red Ruin's behaviour was put down to most marvellous luck.

But Colonel Hosken, formerly of the Dragoon Guards, would have none of the theory.

"I believe the fellow's a rider," he said. "Look at his seat—it's a cavalryman's."

"Oh! Rot!" cried Lord John Grenvil. "The beggar's been preaching a sermon on gentleness to Red Ruin. Wait till hounds are running. I bet you ten to one in fivers he doesn't last three jumps. Decent-sized ones, I mean. Let Warde be the umpire, and I'll bet you twenty-five to one he isn't in at the death, as Tinker suggested."

"I'll take you," said the Dragoon Guardsman. "Let Warde be the referee."

Stanley, all unconscious of this wagering, was hailed by the novelist.

"The black has given place to the red," he said reprovingly. "Is this moral decline? I had such hopes of you. The Church is a symbol, and nothing else."

Stanley looked at him inquiringly.

"You like to be different from other people, I suppose?"

"I am different," said Clifford.

"That must be the reason why you have the snaffle tight on one side and the curb on the other. I wondered."

The novelist, who had taken to riding late in life, was bereft of a suitable reply, because he had no clear understanding of what a snaffle might be, and dared not ask.

The fox broke cover at a point furthest from Stanley, and he got away behind the rest of the field; but a stiff bit of plough told him his mount could get through the mud in style, and he drew up to The Widow, who was notoriously jealous, and let out at him with a squeal.

"Look out!" cried the Master. "She kicks like blazes. Ought to have red in her tail, but everybody knows."

Together the grey and chestnut took the first leap, an easy affair, which thinned out only two of the field. The author, after a close study of the coloured sporting prints in the billiard-room of his club, held it to be the first duty of a fox-hunter in jumping to throw up one hand above his head. His horse, all unused to this classic pose, swerved badly, and Literature found himself seated in a ditch.

"Wait till we get to something stiff," said Lord John; "he'll come off then."

"I doubt it," said the colonel. "He rides better than we do. My dear chap, he's a clinker!"

It was not until hounds were away at racing pace over a big grass run that Stanley had time to look about him. Lord John was close behind the Master, followed by Captain Warde. Lady Trenant was riding next with her cousin, Miss St. Austell. By his own side was the old Dragoon Guardsman mounted on a fiery Roman-nosed bay, while the rest of the field were not far away. And all the while he knew that if he chose to extend the great, even-striding chestnut he could distance them all. Soon they were in some cramped fields, negotiated three jumps in quick order, and Lord John Grenvil lost fifty pounds thereby.

A sheep-dog crossed the scent, and for a few minutes the hounds were at fault. When they got to the line again they went towards the moorland at a great pace, for it was a strong hill fox who was taking them along. Then on for twenty minutes without a check, until they came to the Lanteglos river, now a broad stream, which barred their progress, since it offered a bad take-off and a worse landing.

Part of the pack got on to the scent of a fresh fox, and when they were whipped off Warrior, Wiseacre, and Warbler—a trio of sage hounds—were seen on the other side of the river making for the hills. Not far from them was the Master. He knew every inch of the country, and had found a way through the rocky stream. No one attempted to jump the river, for not only was it broad, full of big stones, and rapid, but the water was fully four feet below the bank.

But the rector was filled with a strange sense of elation; perhaps some memories of other days came back. At any rate, he knew he was the best-mounted man in the field and a light-weight. He determined to chance it, and made for the river at racing speed.

"Good Lord!" cried Lady Trenant; "he's going to take it!"

It was a wonderful leap; measuring it next

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day, the admiring Sands found it to be thirty-six feet nine inches.

Meanwhile, one of the whips had found out a fordable place a quarter of a mile higher up the stream, and Stanley, coming on a boggy patch, found his jump had given him no advantage. A long way ahead he could see the Master with the rest of the hounds, who had swum the river, and nearing him Warde, Hosken, Langdon, Lady Trenant, Miss St. Austell, and Lord John.

As Lady Trenant admitted frankly, Red Ruin made a common hack of The Hero and the others, whose riders could only watch the great red horse flash by them as he raced on to The Widow, passed her, and was alone with the hounds. When the rest came up the last obsequies had been performed, the hounds had broken up their fox, and Stanley was easing his horse's girths.

"I had no idea you could ride like that!" exclaimed her ladyship. "You must have done a great deal of hunting. I never saw such a jump."

"This is the first time for five years that I have crossed a saddle," he returned.

Colonel Hosken was watching him closely.

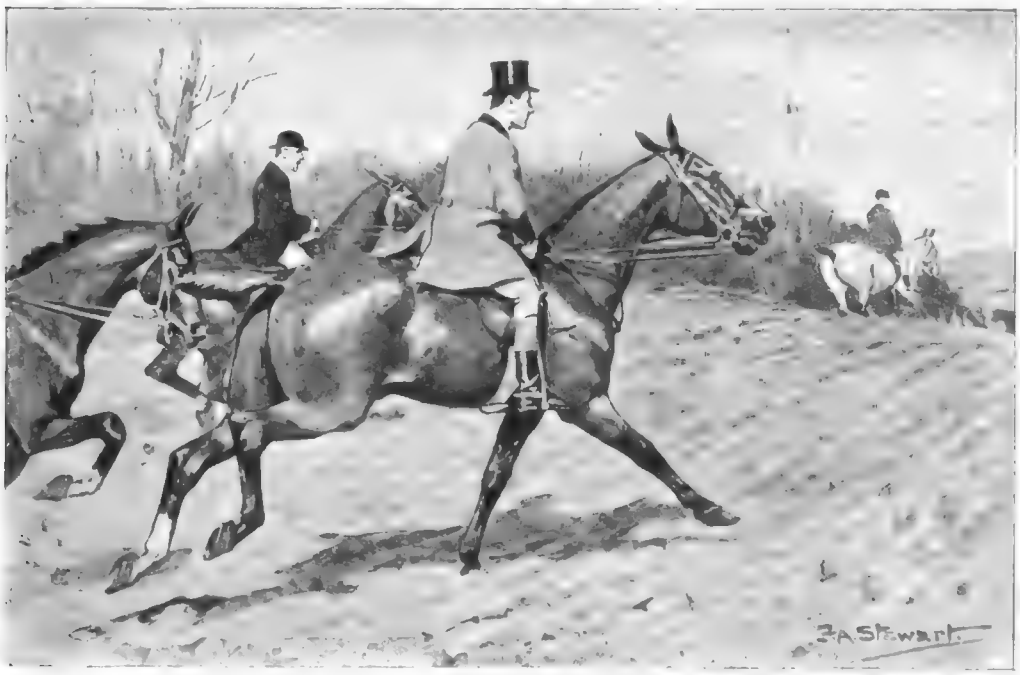
"I remember you now," he cried. "You used to be in the 10th Hussars. I saw you ride at Aintree."

"I was in the Tenth formerly—nine years ago. I once rode a horse of yours at Sandown."

"I remember," cried the delighted colonel. "You won the Grand Military the same year." He turned to the Master: "No wonder he can ride."

"And you chucked it all for the Church!" reflected the Master. "How odd!"

"Talking of the Church," said the colonel, "I've won a hundred and seventy-five pounds on you to-day. If you don't mind taking it for your roof I'm sure Lord John will be delighted to give you his cheque."



He drew up to The Widow, who was notoriously jealous, and let out at him with a squeal.

Stanley held out his hand.

"I'll take it with gratitude, sir."

"You must dine with us to-night, Mr. Stanley," said the Marchioness with cordiality. "You shall have your chancel."

"Naturally!" he said in a tone of surprise. "I won it."

"We dine at eight," she told him.

He was too level-headed a man not to know that his sudden popularity and recognition was due solely to his former fame as a rider.

"You are very kind," he said," but I fear I have not the time—or the inclination."

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

I'm Mr. X. the Specialist
For 'Hump' in all its stages:
The only thing my patients have
To do 's to read my pages—

So, start at the beginning,
And half-way through you'll find
All your little worries
Left a mile behind.

All your little worries
Left behind a mile—
Read on to the finish,
And you'll finish with a smile.

Puzzle Penknives or Packs of Royal Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of The Royal Magazine), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Three Little Problems.

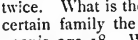
(1.) A certain number of two digits contains the sum of its digits four times and their product twice. What is the number?

(2.) In a certain family the father's age is 42 and the son's age 18. When will the father be twice as old as his son?

(3.) One-third of a certain number added to its seventh part makes 20. What is the number?

Q. Why may we believe that many beds are damp?

A. Because the mattress, in so many cases, lies on springs.



Military Life.

Tommy (the Guardsman): "Well, Jock, I think every Highlander has a chance of a smoke on the line of march."

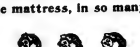
Jock: "Oo'ay, for why?"

Tommy: "Because they always have the 'pipes' with them."

Jock: "Guid, but d'ye ken why Gairdsmen are awfu' anes for catching colds?"

Tommy: "No; how's that?"

Jock: "Because, mon, they air aften on parade in their 'bare skins' (bearskins)."



Q. What is the difference between an artillery storekeeper and a newsvendor?

A. One serves out the stores from a Royal magazine and the other serves out THE "Royal Magazine" from his stores.

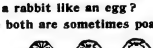
Curious Arithmetic.

$$1 \times 8 + 1 = 9$$
$$12 \times 8 + 2 = 98$$
$$123 \times 8 + 3 = 987$$
$$1234 \times 8 + 4 = 9876$$
$$12345 \times 8 + 5 = 98765$$
$$123456 \times 8 + 6 = 987654$$
$$1234567 \times 8 + 7 = 9876543$$
$$12345678 \times 8 + 8 = 98765432$$
$$123456789 \times 8 + 9 = 987654321$$

Here is something quite interesting in the manipulation of figures. The first row of figures begins with 1, then 1, 2, and so on till 1 to 9 is reached; the multiplier remains constant; the sum to be added increases by one each time, and the result, beginning at 9, then becomes 9, 8, and so on till the figures decrease regularly from 9 to 1.

Q. Why is a rabbit like an egg?

A. Because both are sometimes poached.



Subtraction Extraordinary.

Grey: "If you take one from four how many are left?"

Green: "Three, stupid."

Grey: "Ah, don't be sharp! I can prove that five may be left."

Green: "Impossible, idiot."

Grey: "Keep calm. How many corners has a square handkerchief?"

Green: "Four, dunce."

Grey: "Well, suppose you cut one off, I think five corners will remain, won't they? Got you, my boy!"

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What is a Slipper?

A slipper is one who slips; a slipper is that in which a slipper may slip; a slipper may be worn by a slipper, and the slipper may slip after slipping on his slipping slippers. When a slipping slipper slips in his slipping slippers, his slipping slippers slipping from under his slipping feet, he may break his head, in which case there would no longer be any slipper wearing slipping slipper to slip in his slipping slippers.

Wonderful Escape.

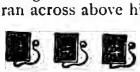
Church: "Poor old Brown!"

Chapel: "Why? What's up?"

Church: "Haven't you heard? A train ran over him yesterday—over his head."

Chapel: "How dreadful! Where?"

Church: "Near the station. The poor fellow was walking under the railway bridge, and the train ran across above him!"



A Little Card Puzzle.

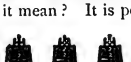
Take from a pack the four aces, kings, queens, and knaves, and with them make a square of four cards by four cards with these conditions: In no row either downwards or across must there be two cards of the same suit or of the same value.

A Cryptic Remark.

Why is "Mr. X" like the Post Office? Because people are always trying to puzzle him with cryptic writings. For example—this cheery note from a friendly reader:

I am
Man making mischief wife.

What does it mean? It is perfect sense.



A Handsome Cheque.

What is the lowest sum of money that can be written down employing all the figures from one to nine inclusive? There must not, of course, be more than nineteen shillings in the shillings column, or in the pence column more than eleven pence, and "unnatural" fractions of a penny are barred.

Mother Muggins' Money.

Old Mother Muggins had on the tray before her certain wares with which she strove to tempt passers-by. There were little shell-work boxes at fourpence each, boxes of matches at a halfpenny each, and packets of bull's-eyes—three in each—at a farthing a packet. At the end of an hour one morning she felt she had done brisk trade, for she had taken one and eightpence, and sold some of each class of her wares.

How many of each did she sell, and could there be any different correct answers from that given below?

"A Simple Sum."

John: "I can tell you to a quart how much water falls over the Niagara Falls in one day."

Pat: "Can you really? Isn't it extraordinary how they find out these things?"

John: "Oh, I don't think so. Only two pints to a quart, you know. That's been known a long time."

A Handy Hiding-Place.

Can you place your left hand where your right hand cannot touch it?

Try putting it under your right elbow.

ANSWERS.

Three Little Problems: (1) 36; (2) when he is 48; (3) 42.

A Handsome Cheque: £2567 18s. 9½d.

Mother Muggins' Money: 3 at 4d.; 15 at ½d.; 2 at ¼d.

A Cryptic Remark: I am above making mischief between man and wife.

A Little Card Puzzle:

A of Spades	K of Clubs	Q of Diamonds	J of Hearts
J of Clubs	Q of Spades	K of Hearts	A of Diamonds
K of Diamonds	A of Hearts	J of Spades	Q of Clubs
Q of Hearts	J of Diamonds	A of Clubs	K of Spades

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My Nephew "Max".

By Fox Russell.

A Chapter of Accidents.

Dear Uncle Charlie,

I am sending for your peroosal—I say, that's a ripping word, ain't it?—an account of our latest doings.

Ass I have orlreddy told you, I am now one of the big pots at our school Debayting Society—in fact, I should be Premier but for Jones ma., who's such a big lump of a feller that when he arsked me the other day if I "took a licking" from him, I sed absent-mindedly "yes, I did"—not that I ment it—*rather* not! I made a mentil reservashion, ass it were, so I have to be Seketary for Forin Affairs instead.

Well, of coarse, I don't pretend to know mutch about polliticle econermy exsept that my own exspearients proves that the less a feller spends of his pocket money the longer it lasts, but I am oposed to the wave of Sosherlism that has come over the school this term. I dunno what Sosherlism means, but aparently it's this: Orl the fellers who haven't got anything say they're Sosherlists, and want to share with the fellers who have; this is all very well for the Sosherlists, but what price the rest?

A reslootion was propposed last night in the doormattry, after we'd gone to bed without any supper (oh, I forgot to say we're quite out of sossidges, and orl other dellycatsys), "That Sosherlism means 'the greatest apetite' (or was it 'happyness'?) for the greatest number, and that this House aproves of Sosherlistic leggislation calclated to aid the poor at the exspense of the rich."

Well, I ain't rich, but—at all evence the early part of term—I've got *sumthing*, jenralley including a tip from you, Uncle Charlie, so I sat up in bed and said I didn't see the justice of the reslootion, and that it looked jolly like stealing.

The hon. propposer (that ass Jameson) spoke of "brotherhood" and "freely sharing our common wealth." That be blowed! When a feller has a bob, why should he share it with eleven other fellers? That would mean one d. each! What rot! What's the good of one d.? Whereas one bob's always useful.

Well, Uncle Charlie, that hit 'em, that speech, and had such an affect that two of the littel fellers acktuly cride and I had to smak their heads to calm them, while even Jameson, the mover of the reslootion, lade back on his piller and said: "Well, I never thought of *that* egsackly."

Still, there was a strong lot behind the reslootion, and they actuly carried it by two votes. Then old Ashton, the cock of the school, yawned and sed:

"Have it your own way, you chaps. But the first Sosherlist who lays his paw on anything of mine, I'll catch him such a whack over the head with one of the criket stumse he'll wish he'd never tried egsperiminting on *my* propputty!"

And so the movement faded out, for old Ashton's as strong as a bull, nobody can cheek *him*. I'm not at orl sorry to see Sosherlism put down; it ain't prackticall and seems only to cut one way. The jenrus tip

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you give me and Stinker* when we come back to school would jolly soon melt in the crowd of fellers here, on Sosherlistic principals.

Last Saturday, young Smugley—the boy you once saw here, and said he looked as if he couldn't do anything wrong if he tride—sed his aunt, whoose got a ripping place near here, told him he mite bring "two little friends for the week-end." (Don't aunts talk bosh? They *are* rotters! There's sumthing about aunts I can't stand—oh, I forgot Aunt Mollie, but you know I didn't mean her; she's a stunner, eh, Uncle Charlie? Really, the only thing I ever wish you dead for is to marry your widder.†)

Well, Smugley's aunt told him he was to pick out "two nice, quiet little boys who would not be a disturbing elephant." What's that, I wonder? I and Stinker ain't egsackly very "quiet," but young Smugley wants to suck up to me, so he chose us—though he did it doutfly. He sed timmidly:

"My aunt's rather strict and very quiet, and she——"

"If your aunt's always bin very quiet, cocky, it's only showing propper grattitude to emewse her, and wake her up a bit now, eh?" and I poked him in the ribs.

But Smugley looked quite elarmed.

"She would be so enoide——" he began, when I sed:

"You leave it to me, Smug; we'll liven her up a bit, same as we put salt on the wurms to make 'em riggle!"

The old girl sent her carridge over for us on Saturday afternoon, and we *did* have a rag with the coachman. When we'd got a mile from the school I shouted out of the winder: "Hi, stop! Your wheel's going round!" And he pulled up sharp, and when Stinker and I yelled with larfter he *did* look sick! Then we shide sum plums at a swagger chap driving past in a dog-cart. Stinker mist, but I cort him on the ear. He was fewrious, and drove back after us. (Fancy taking so much trubble over a little thing like that!) He spluttered out:

"Witch of you little blaggards through that plum?" and he gobbilled like a turkey-cock—he was an orfly fat feller with pink cheaks and tite trouses. "You'd better confess!" he sed in thretning tones.

So I "confessed" that it was Smugley did it, and when Smugley's eyes were bulgging out of his hed with frite, I appeeled to the fat feller's jenrus instinks to let him orf this once, as he was the only son of his mother, and she was an orfen. But although he sed I was "a nobil boy" to try to sheald my friend, he should certainly take his name and adress. I nearly split with larfter. Ass he was driving orf, I shide another plum at him, but mist.

You never saw such a rum old girl as Smugley's aunt, Lady Poodleby, Uncle Charlie. She'd got a white lace cap with long strings, to tie her head on with, I s'pose, and she'd got a wig of "luksuriant tresses," ass the novels call it. My eye! she did look a sketch! and her silk dress actuly crackilled, it was so stiff.

She squeaked in a high trebbil voice:

"Glad to see you, my boys. I hope you are very quiet little lads, ass I cannot bear mutch noyes."

I sed "that was orl rite," and was jest telling her a few whackers about how orfly quiet we were, when that young ass Stinker begun giggilling.

I frowned at him, but he only giggilled orl the more, so I smaked his hed—that stopt the sniggring, and I went on to assure the old girl she mite safely trust us with anything, and that I was the most re-lie-able boy in the school, when in came the coachman to give warning.

He touched his hair respeckfly and sed that if he was "eggspeckted to drive them young gents again," he'd rather resine the place he'd held for twenty years and leave—he "didn't seem to know what was coming next," he sed, and it had got on his "nurves." His nurves! What rot! I ain't got enny nurves—why's he? And he told her how we'd emewsed ourselves coming over in the carridge.

The old girl looked very sprised, and drectly the coachman left the room she put on her gold specs, shoved her wig and cap back (they're orl made in one peice, I think) and sed in seapulcarl tones:

"I hope there will be no reppetition of this conduct, my boys. It is very repper-seasensible" (what's that mean, Uncle Charlie?), "and I trust you will behave yourselves."

Well, of coarse we behave *ourselves*—how could we behave each other or anybody else? I think the English langwidge wants a lot of puling together—don't you? One of these days I'll pull it.

I was orfly polite, and sed we would endevver to emewse ourselves in the most dellykid and refined manner, at witch young

* Wish he wouldn't call his brother Stinker.—UNCLE CHARLIE.

† How considerate!—UNCLE CHARLIE.

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Stinker larfed again, and I cort him a hack on the shinse under the table witch brought the water to his eyes.

Then we sailed out for a look round the place. Smugley showed me his wite mice; and I took note where he kept them for future guydence. Then we visited the hedgehog, an I just because I picked him up the little beaste stuck his squills out and pricked my fingers, and I dropped him like a hot putato.

That silly young ass Smugley grinned, and picked up the thing himself. (I do hate fellers who larf at other fellers' bad luck.) And when Smugley picked it up, blowed if it didn't shove its prickly squills into *him!* Served him jolly well rite! We simply roared with larfter.

After this, I found a bottel full of something or other, so I put it up on a low wall as a cocksby, and we all pegged at it till Stinker made an orfly rotten shot and broke a winder in the servants' pantry. We two promptly bunked, leaving Smugley behind, and his old nurse — fancy a feller having a nurse! — came out and ragged him orfly. It *was* a lark—he stutters rarther, and couldn't get out that it wasn't him at all.

We laid low for an hour, and then I seggested we should go back, tap the bottel and drink it. But jest then we saw a big tabby cat and gave chase, and forgot a'l about the bottel, and afterwards found it was jest ass well we did, ass it was full of weed-killer.

We chivvied that cat all down the garden, through the park and into the stabils, and jest as it bolted into the coach-house I shide a roten apple I had in my pocket, and it mist the cat but cort the coachman smak in the mouth as he came out.

I bunked again. I really am orfly unlucky, ain't I? Sum*one* or sum*thing* always keeps shoving theirself in the light, through no fault of mine. I remember it was jest the same when I put some tin-tacks on Watson ma.'s seat, and then old Stoggins sat on it instead. Well, how could I help that? Who was to blame? Not *me*, ennyhow.

That settled the coachman—he sed he'd leave on Saturday week. I dessay it was a good thing, you know, Uncle Charlie—I think he'd been there too long, and change is good for everybody, ain't it?

Smugley sed they'd got a jolly pond all full of waterlilies and tadpoles and things. But "Aunt never aloud him to go near it for fear of falling in." Did you ever hear sutch orfle rot? When I sed we'd paddel and catch frogs and minners and tittle-brats and fry 'em, he got quite fritened. So I tride sarkasum, and said snearingly:

"Arsk your nurse to hold your littel hand while you watch me and Stinker fish." That fetched him, and he shode us the way to the pond, and *ong root*, as they say in France, I borrered the nets orf the peach trees to make a fishing trawl of, and most unforchnetly broke a cupple of branches down doing it. (Unlucky again, ain't I?)

The gardener came up and was quite enoide. I dunno why—it was no fault of mine. I didn't do it on purpose; it was quite axidental. When we got to the pond I made Stinker and Smugley hold one end of the net, wile I took the other on a raft they use to clear weeds with, and shuffed orf from the bank.

But the beasely thing stopped after it had got half-way across, and I couldn't get any further. Jest then an eel got entangled in the net, and I pulled, and up came the eel, wallop, on to the littel raft—he was sutch a beasely black, slipry thing I didn't half like it; but I couldn't get it free from the net, and, stepping backwards to avoid its riggling, I went rite overbord, and was up to my neck in icy cold water in a second. Oh, it was orfle!

And the thought of the cold, slipry eels made it worse. I wondered if they'd bite my legs! One of the gardeners luckily heard me yelling, and rushed down to the bank and hooked me out with a rake. It tore a new pair of trouses in five places (first time on). I *am* unfortchnet, ain't I, Uncle Charlie?) Smugley nearly had his-terricks with frite.

On Sunday we drove to church, and I sat on the box and orferd to drive, but the old coachman glared scornfly and sed he'd orlreddy had quite enuff of me. I didn't seem egsackly poppewler in *that* quarter.

I knew I should feel dull in church, so I took a stag-beadel in a cardboard box. There was two of our housemaids in the front pew, and I put the stag-beadel down on their seat and it disapeared. Presently Lizzie looked round and frowned fewriously at the other maid witch is called Hannah.

Hannah wispered innercently: "What's the matter?" then Lizzie sed: "Don't!" and Hannah said: "Don't what?"

Presently Lizzie gave a grate jump and shot out of the pew and down the ile at twenty miles an hour, leaving Hannah wundring what was the matter! Stinker and I nearly burst with larfter. Where the stag-beadel got to, I dunno, and I

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egspekt it emew sed Lizzie orfly orl the way home.

Stinker and Smugley red orl the afternoon, and I fell asleep until tea-time, and Lady Poodleby sed she felt as if a holy carlm had fallen on her trubbled spirit. I sed yes, but now I was awake I'd like to cheer her up a bit, but she sed: "No, she liked quiet and didn't wish for 'innervations.'"

Arfter dinner I sed I'd like to play billiards. I'm certain I only wanted to play becos it was Sunday and I mustn't—I hate billiards, ass you know, Uncle Charlie. But I wanted to shock the old lady, and she *was* horrifide. She sed: "Surtenly not; I strickly forbid you to do it." So arfter that I stuck my tongue round the side of my mouth like I always do when I'm determined, and thort "I *must* jest have a game of billiards to-nite or bust!"

I shide a roten apple I had in my pocket, and it . . . cort the coachman smak in the mouth.

And I bleeve the old girl saw it in my eye, for she at wunce sent the butler upstairs to lock the billiard-room and take the key. Orfly unfealing of her, becos, of coarse, that made it necesary to clime up the ivy outside and crorl in through the winder.

Why did that provoking old femail gode me inter my rash feet?

I sed I had a hedake and would go to bed. I wonder what a hedake's like? Lots of fellers at school *say* they've got a hedake, but, of coarse, it's orl rot, jest to put in an *æger*. I never herd of enny feller having one in the hollerdays. But I reelly bleeve sum people *do* have *reel* hedakes, don't they, Uncle Charlie?

Well, I sed good-nite and then winked at Stinker to get him out of the room. We slipped outside, and I eggsplained that I was going up the ivy to the billiard-room. I took orf my coat and began the clime.

It was beasely hard wurk. I rubbed the skin orf my fingers, and the ivy tore away orfly. A rusty nail also tore a great hole in my trouses; that was the second pair I'de rewind at Lady Poodleby's (I *am* unlucky in trouses, and always through no fault of my own. I didn't put the beasely nail in, did I?) But I got up to the winder-sill at last. And then, when I tride the winder, *blowed if it wasn't fastened!*

Here was a pretty go! I was kneeling on a sill about six inches wide, and couldn't go forward and didn't dare turn round and go back. I peared into the dark room, but saw nothing. I *was* in a funk; and then I looked again, and suddenly the door opened, and in came the butler. He had herd me scrambling outside, and ran up with the key. It was rarther ignomignious, becos I had to be

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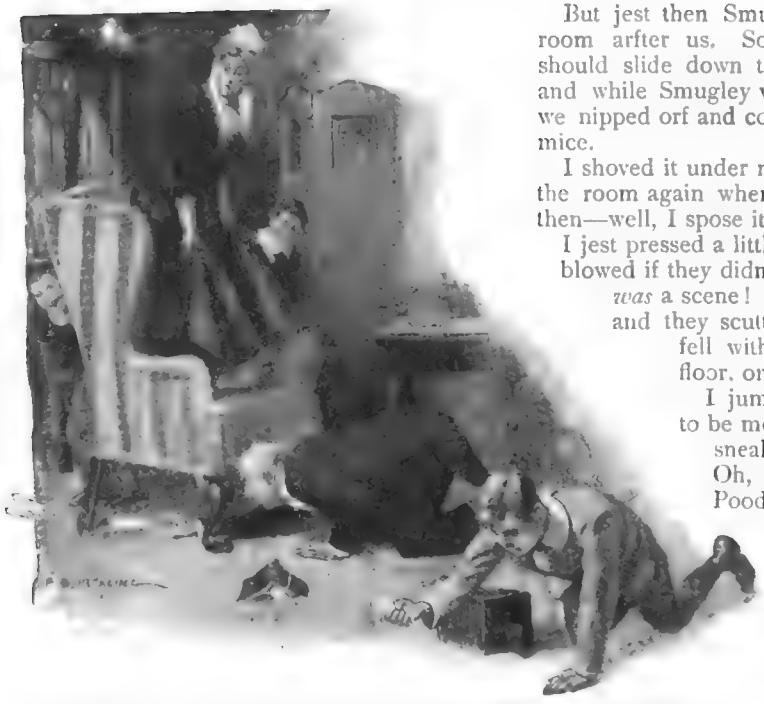

The butler and Smugley between them soon caught the little beggars.

hawled in through the winder. Luckily I'd got a bob, witch I gave him not to tell the old girl, and he took it—the bob, I mean, not the old girl.

I jest washed my hands and put on a pair of trouses and a clean collar belonging to Smugley, and we went downstairs again and Lady Poodleby gave us each a beasely old picture-book to look at. Blow picture-books! we ain't babies! I *was* disgusted, and thought I'd try sarkasum on her, so I sed:

"Please, mayn't we have a rag doll to play with?"

The other two were bursting with larfter, but the old woman didn't evidently understand sarkasum; at all evence, there was no reppartea in her answer.

"I'm afraid I haven't one in the house, my boy; but I'm glad to know you have such simple tastes."

I nearly bust, and Stinker had a choking fit which made me think he was getting appleplexy.

I stood that old picture-book for ten minutes, and presently I winked at Stinker and he follerd me out of the room, and when we got outside I sed:

"How about those white mice?" And he sed: "*Rather!* it *would* be a rag!"

But jest then Smugley came out of the room arfter us. So Stinker serjested we should slide down the stairs on a tea-tray, and while Smugley was gone to hook a tray we nipped orf and collerd the cage of white mice.

I shoved it under my coat and walked into the room again where the old girl sat, and then—well, I spose it was another axident—I jest pressed a little on the cage door, and blowed if they didn't all bolt out, and there *was* a scene! There was six of 'em, and they scuttled over the table and fell with a fat flop on to the floor, one after the other.

I jumped up and prettended to be most elarmed, and Stinker sneaked in to see the fun. Oh, Uncle Charlie, Lady Poodleby must be an orfle old fraud, becos she potters along ass if she's a hundred, jenrally, but drectly she saw the first mouse she scrame and climbed on to the chair. She pulled up her skirts and shreeked like mad. Oh, it must have emewsed her orfly!

Then two maids ran in, but bolted, yelling when they saw the mice. The butler and Smugley between them soon caught the little beggars, and Lady Poodleby jawed Smugley like steam for "bringing those nasty, horrid creatures into my presence."

Later on that little beaste Smugley actuly went and sneaked about me letting the mice out. Can you bleeve a feller could be sutch a trater? I told him if it wasn't that I was his guessed, I'd never speak to him again.

Though he was my host *then*, he ain't *now*, and I sed to young Stinker: "Wait till after school, and you'll see his fur fly!"

Well, I had to ajolopise to the old lady. She rafed and swore—at lease, she sed I should never be arsked there again. I thought "that's a jolly good thing." But when she sed she should "certainly inform my Headmaster," things looked gluemy.

You see, Uncle Charlie, how orfly unlucky I've been in this chapter of axidence—none of these things was really *my* fault, was it? "Axidence will happen in the best related of families," so I can't help it.

Love to Aunt Mollie,

From your affectionate

MAX.

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CAP AND BELLS

ONE BETTER.

"Madam," briskly spoke up the gent in the check suit, when the lady of the house appeared at the door, "I have here an invaluable invention for daily domestic use—a combination of useful utensils no housekeeper should be without, combining, as it does, in one compact tool, a corkscrew, a paper-cutter, a tin-opener, a nut pick, a bodkin, a shoe-buttoner, a——"

"No, thank you," she answered curtly; "I have all the hairpins I need."

The next moment the door was slammed in his face.

* * * * *

P.S.

He asked fair Maud to marry,
By letter she replied.
He read it—she refused him;
He shot himself and died.

He might have still been living,
And she his happy bride,
If he had read the postscript
Upon the other side.

* * * * *

THE SCIENCE OF ARITHMETIC.

Having received a quantity of good advice, such as a solicitor always gives, Smith coolly placed upon the table a threepenny piece.

"What is this for?" asked the solicitor.

"Your fee, sir; hope it is right."

"Excuse me, no. My fee is, of course, six-and-eightpence."

"Well," says Smith, "all right. Six and eightpence are fourteen pence; fourteen pence are one and twopence; one and twopence are threepence, and there you are."

Exit Smith.

A GENIUS.

"How on earth did Hunker get out of his engagement with Miss Elder after he fell in love with Miss Scadds?"

"It was done by a judicious selection of a birthday present."

"What did he send her?"

"He sent her a book entitled 'How to Grow Old Gracefully,' and she sent his letters and ring back immediately."

* * * * *

HER ANSWER.

A bashful swain was he, and so
His fervid declaration wrote,
And finished up his letter thus:
"My love, on you I simply dote!"

But by return of post he got
An answer to his frenzied note.
It just contained this crisp advice:
"You'd better find an antidote!"

Charles Vivian.

* * * * *

1st Owl (looking at the fallow or spotted deer): "Hoot, mon! They look fond of each other!"
2nd Owl: "Of course, silly! can't you see they're on their honeymoon—look at the confetti!"

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THOROUGH PRECAUTIONS.

"Well, Jones, what do you do on Sundays?"

"Sundays? Oh, I chain up the dogs, lock up the cattle and the missus and the kids, and after that I go to the 'Purple Pig.' Then the motor-cars can't hurt any of us."

* * * * *

A REASONABLE SUPPOSITION.

LITTLE TOMMY BROWN: "Are you dumb, Mr. Smith?"

MR. SMITH: "No; but why do you ask?"

LITTLE TOMMY BROWN: "Because my sister said she had been waiting for you to speak all the winter."

UNANSWERABLE.

"You certainly told me to embrace my privilege."

"Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter."

"No. But to embrace your daughter is a privilege."

* * * * *

THE ARBITRAMENT OF FATE.

FIRST SWEET THING: "Is it true that you love Dick Dashleigh? Tell me, dear, in confidence."

SECOND SWEET THING: "Well, then, in confidence, dear, I do love him devotedly."

FIRST SWEET THING (aside): "That settles it! I'll accept the proposal he made me last night."

Great Snakes, or The Sea Serpent Again: as seen by P. C. Whiffles the other evening.

N.B.—But it was only poor little Petrol-Jones who had inadvertently taken a wrong turning on his motor-tricycle and landed upside down in a wayside duckpond.

ON A WINTER MORNING.

The window-pane's bedecked with rime,
All Nature has agreed
To make an unpropitious time
At which to do the deed.

He'd very willingly forget,
If he but had the power.
There's no escape, he knows, and yet
He shuns the evil hour.

A church clock chimes . . . he'd like to hide,
But sets his teeth instead,
Throws blankets, sheets, and quilt aside,
And—scrambles out of bed!

Leslie Thomas.

* * * * *

KNEW THE CHEESES.

PHOTOGRAPHER (taking a picture of the cheesemonger's shop): "Now then, quiet, everyone!"

HARD LUCK.

HE (reading paper): "Here's a note about an accident at White's house. The servant girl put some gunpowder into the fire, and was blown through the roof."

SHE (sympathetically): "Poor Mrs. White has so much trouble with her girls! They are always leaving her without giving notice!"

* * * * *

SURE SIGNS.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: "I see you have given our finest suite of rooms to a man called Bilkins. Are you sure he can pay the price?"

MANAGER: "Yes; he's immensely rich."

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: "How do you know?"

MANAGER: "He is old and ugly, and his wife is young and pretty."

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Picking up Lost Time.

FORETHOUGHT.

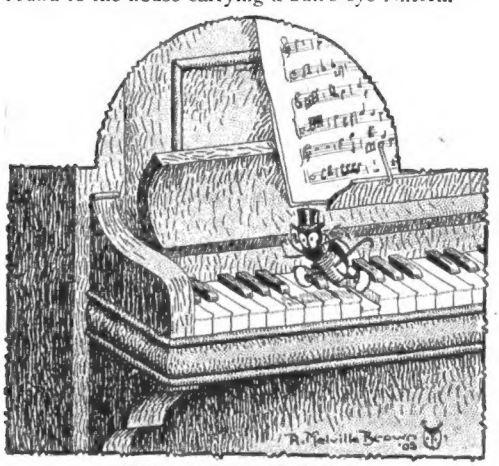
At a young ladies' school a pickle of a girl of thirteen got into trouble for playing some mischievous pranks, and when asked why she did such mad things, she answered:

"Why, madam, if I never did any tricks when young, I should not have any funny stories to tell my grandchildren when I am an old lady!"

* * * * *

NOT TO BE DAUNTED.

The old gentleman greatly disapproved of the young man who was courting his daughter staying so late every night, so he told him he really couldn't have it, as it caused such a dreadful waste of gas. The next evening the young man came triumphantly round to the house carrying a bull's-eye lantern.



SO HE THOUGHT.

Adolphus Beetle: "Dear, dear! This rumbling is terrible, and it seems to get worse the further I go. I suppose it must be one of those earthquakes I've heard about."

FEARFUL AND WONDERFUL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. DYKER HEIGHTS: "Is that dog of yours smart?"

MR. BAY RIDGE (proudly): "Smart? Well, I should say so! I was going out with him yesterday, and I stopped and said: 'Towser, we have forgotten something!' And bothered if he didn't sit down and scratch his head to see if he could think what it was."

* * * * *

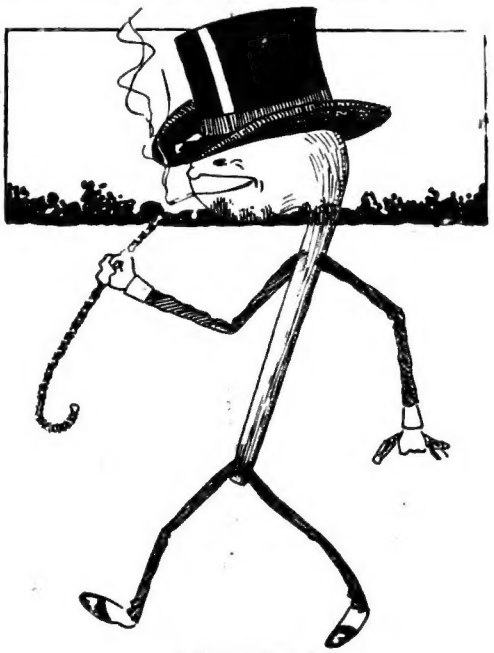
A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

PA: "Have you seen with the microscope all the little animals that are in the water?"

TOMMY: "Yes, papa; I saw them. Are they in the water we drink?"

PA: "Certainly, my child."

TOMMY: "Now I know what makes the singing in the tea-kettle when the water begins to boil!"



A Smart Retort.

A BROAD HINT.

MR. SIMPKINS: "Give me a kiss, Bobby, and run up and tell your sister Jenny I have brought her a box of chocolates."

BOBBY: "Oh! When Mr. Dashing calls, he always gives the sweets to me and the kiss to Jenny."

* * * * *

OPPOSITE EXTREMES.

SHE (pensively): "Ah, well! What is wealth, after all, but the mere difference between income and expenditure?"

HE: "So is debt."

* * * * *

A HINT FOR INVENTORS.

THE GIRL: "Somebody has invented a ring which will cure rheumatism."

THE BACHELOR: "They ought to invent a ring which will cure engagements."

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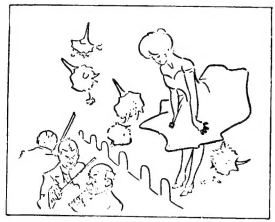
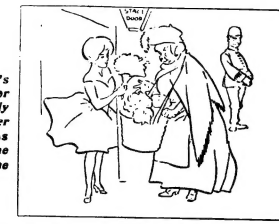


GOOD BUSINESS.

When Totty Tight's admirers fling her bouquets she promptly hands them to her mother, who sells them to the same young men in the morning.



JUST WHAT HE REQUIRED.

"Why, there's Rushmore, pushing and struggling in that crowd of women! He must be crazy!"

"Not at all. He does it to keep in practice for next season's football matches; says there's no exercise like it!"

* * *

MIGHT SPOIL THE FUN.

LATE COMER: "Have all the guests arrived?"

SERVANT: "Yes, ma'am, but if I was you I wouldn't go in just yet. They are all talking about you."

WORTH IT.

ONE LITTLE GIRL IN THE SLUMS: "Wot yer say she died of?"

THE OTHER ONE: "Eating a tuppenny ice on the top of 'ot pudding."

THE FIRST MENTIONED: "Lor', what a jolly death!"

* * *

MARTYRS.

FIRST DOG: "We'll be tied up every Thursday and Saturday nights now."

SECOND DOG: "What's up?"

FIRST DOG: "The new young man that comes to see Miss Susie has money."

* * * * *

HE HAD AN IDEA.

MRS. MEADOWLOT: "What sort of a thing is a magazine rifle, Ebenezer? Did you ever see one?"

MR. MEADOWLOT: "No; but it's some new-fangled contraption for them editors to shoot spring poets with, I suppose."

* * * *

WASTE OF TIME.

PARVENU HOSTESS (to stable-boy attired as waiter for the occasion of a dinner party): "James, why do you not fill Mr. de Gluttonne's glass?"

JAMES: "Lor' ma'am, what's the use? He empties it as fast as I fill it."

* * * *

GREAT PRECAUTIONS.

LADY DOCTOR (to her maid): "Anna, bring me my oldest dress; I have to go and see a patient who is very ill, and who must not be excited in the very slightest degree."

* * * *

SHARP PRACTICE.

"I'm going to tell my daddy of you," said little Willie, as the blacksmith was paring some shavings from the horse's hoof.

"Why, what have I done?" asked the blacksmith.

"You haven't got any shoes to fit Dobbin, an' you're cutting his feet small to suit those you have got."

The minister was a great handshaker, shutting down like a vice. One day he shook a boy's hand and gave it an awful squeeze as he said: "My little fellow, I hope you are pretty well to-day?"

With tears in his eyes, the boy answered: "I was till you shook hands with me!"

AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END.

A: "Among my dearest treasures is the watch my father carried when he was a young man."

B: "Would you mind letting me see it?"

A: "Certainly not; but it is temporarily in the possession of my—er—father's brother."

* * * *

FORCE OF HABIT.

"McBorril can't get over his old haberdashery manner now that he is a builder."

"What has he done now?"

"Sold a man a house the other day, and asked him if he wanted it sent."

* * * *

BOTH.

"So, Tommy, you wish to be excused from school this afternoon?"

"Yes'm."

"Is your excuse a good one, or is it football?"

"Both, ma'am."

* * * *

A SOPORIFIC.

Robinson met his publisher and, bowing politely, said: "May I ask why you put my novel among the medical books in your catalogue?"

"Because," replied the publisher bluntly, "it was found to be such an excellent means of inducing sleep."

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EDWIN, ELIZA, AND THE ELEPHANT.

I.—Edwin and Eliza go to look at the elephants.

II.—"Pity we've not got a biscuit for them, Eliza."

III.—But the elephants thought they would help themselves.

IV.—And finally a Bobby took the matter in hand.

* * * * *

A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW.

"Excuse me," said a clerk in a large shop to a customer, "but our rules do not permit us to accept battered coins."

"Well, I received that very coin at this shop in change only yesterday," protested the customer.

"That may be, sir. There is no rule against giving battered coins to customers."

* * * * *

HE HAD HIS USES.

BOBBY (to young Mr. Fatboy): "I heard my sister Clara say something to Ma about you, Mr. Fatboy."

YOUNG MR. FATBOY (anxiously): "No; did you, Bobby? What was it?"

BOBBY: "She said you would be lovely to sit on the big dictionary to press autumn leaves."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

MEN AND WOMEN AUTHORS.

Not very many months ago I said a word or two on this page concerning the rival merits of men and women writers. Six to man and half-a-dozen to woman was my verdict, and I went on to explain that men were better writers of stories of plot and incident, and women of stories dealing with domestic life.

If a man and a woman discuss someone whom they have just met, you will find that the man's criticism—if he be a typical man—is large and vague. The person under discussion is either nice or nasty, dull or interesting, pretty or plain.

How different your lady critic! "And what is your opinion of so-and-so?" you ask her. She'll answer, as likely as not: "I don't believe those pearls in her ear-rings are genuine." Or: "How very irritatingly she pronounces certain words!" Or (supposing the fair critic to be charitably inclined): "Hasn't she a sweet way of talking to children?"

You see, she seizes on what to the male mind are unessential details, and from these will draw all manner of irrelevant conclusions—irrelevant to the male mind, I hasten to say, but to the female mind abundantly clear and logical. The subject under discussion has "a sweet way of talking to children"—therefore she has this, that, and the other virtues—all of them apparently quite unconnected with her sweet way of talking to children.

The male critic laughs in his superior manner, and murmurs to himself: "Women are never so unreasonable as when they give their reasons," or similar impertinences. But I am convinced he is wrong, and that women are generally right when drawing their instinctive conclusions.

You may not be able to prove them right—but then so many things are right and true that can never be proved. Abstract reasoning, logic, mathematical exactitude are all very well in their places, but pit them against woman's instinct in the reading of character, and I do not think they will carry you as far. It is just this inborn faculty for observing details and drawing deductions from them which makes women such excellent writers of stories the interest of which centres in the delineation of character.

"THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL."

I do not hold a brief for woman.

A friend remarked, half in jest and half in earnest, that I was pandering very unscrupulously to woman's vanity by publishing the series of articles now running in The Royal under the title "The Woman Beautiful."

I replied that I was wholly in sympathy with women for beautifying themselves by any means in their power. I have a friendly feeling even for the rouge-pot. The beauty that gives most delight in the world is woman's beauty, and if a woman can augment that beauty—never mind how—she is a public benefactress.

So far, therefore, from having any qualms of conscience regarding the publication of "The Woman Beautiful," I am very proud to be the editor of the journal which gives these articles to the world.

HANDWRITING.

People often ask me whether I object to receiving stories written in their own handwriting. If I were a less busy man, and had fewer manuscripts to consider, I should answer: "Certainly not; I prefer you to send me handwritten MSS."

For to me handwriting is of peculiar interest, and one of the surest delineators of a man's intelligence—not, I hasten to say, of his character, except in a very vague way.

With a woman it is different. A woman's handwriting tells me little, for women write so much alike, and with less character and originality.

But, as I say, I'm a busy man, and have little time for reading through badly-written stories, so, unless your handwriting is of the clearest, get your MSS. typewritten. They stand a much better chance of being considered with kindly feelings.

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